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THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE BOUNDARY COMMISSION, SOUTH AFRICA: ON THE MARCH FROM BEIRA.

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN GRANT, ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE COMMISSION.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Among the many proposals as to who should inherit the Laureateship, that which suggested a lady, because a Queen was on the throne, is perhaps the most humorous. If its occupant had been a minor this daring innovator would, no doubt, have proposed a children's poet. As a matter of fact, there are several very respectable ones in existence, though they do not pride themselves, perhaps, on their particular attraction for the little ones. They are not so simple in their utterances as children's poets used to be, because our children—of whom the fashionable little lady who, when asked who were our first parents, replied "the Adamases," is a type—are no longer simple. It is curious, indeed, to read what used to go down as poetry with our young folks. Dr. Watts wrote "to the purpose, easy things to understand," but at the beginning of the century there were still simpler bards, who were even more popular with the rising generation. Wordsworth's "Betty Foy" ("the idiot mother of an idiot boy," as Byron ungallantly described her) was diluted enough to suit a teetotaler, but these writers were Wordsworth and water. The two most popular volumes of children's poetry that were ever written—though, no doubt, the pretty woodcuts had much to do with their attraction—were "The Daisy" and "The Cowslip," of which 50,000 and 35,000 were sold. They have recently been republished, and are, what they were certainly never intended to be, amusing reading. Here is "The Good Girl" of the past—

Miss Lydia Banks, though very young,
Will never do what's rude or wrong;
When spoken to, she always tries
To give the most polite replies.

Observing what at school she's taught,
She turns her toes as children ought;
And when returned at night from school,
She never lolls on chair or stool.

Some children, when they write, we know,
Their ink about them heedless throw;
But she, though young, has learn'd to think
That clothes look spoil'd with spots of ink.

Perhaps some little girl may ask,
If Lydia always learns her task;
With pleasure I can answer this,
Because with truth I answer "Yes."

Is a child of this kind now ever "born or thought of"? I am afraid she would not be thought much of by her little sisters. The gem of this collection is, however, the poem entitled "Improper Words"—

Who was it that I lately heard
Repeating an improper word?
I do not like to tell his name,
Because he is so much to blame.

Go, naughty child, and hide your face!
I grieve to see you in disgrace.
Go; you have forfeited to-day
All right at trap-and-ball to play.

At dinner-time there is no place
For boys who merit deep disgrace;
Such naughty boys I can't permit
With children who are good to sit.

And when at night you go to bed
The third commandment shall be read;
For there we find how very wrong
It is to have a faulty tongue.

One wonders—though, I trust, with an innocent curiosity—what that improper word was?

That "civility costs nothing" is an axiom which most of us have reason to question. It has, no doubt, been of great advantage to a good many people—to Sir Walter Raleigh, for instance, and to the gentleman who gave up his seat in church to the old lady unknown, who made him her heir in consequence. Raleigh could probably never wear his cloak again, and though many people may be very willing to give up their seats in church and go away, if this polite person had to stand for the rest of the service he couldn't have liked it. Sometimes civility costs a great deal: it may introduce you to a pickpocket, or what is worse, a bore; it may compel you to know somebody in town whom you met at Margate; it may cause you—and this often happens—to be blackmailed for the rest of your life by an unprotected female. But it is seldom that the mere choice of polite words instead of severe ones gets one into these scrapes: this it did, however, the other day in the case of a too polite publican in the neighbourhood of the Victoria Docks. Opposite his door a Salvation lass, with seven others as good as herself, had taken her stand with a tambourine, on which she sang the evils of alcohol and the bar. After three-quarters of an hour of it, the publican came out and with misdirected suavity inquired, "Do you not think, Madam, you have been here almost long enough?" Only that and nothing more, like Mr. Poe's raven. To which the lady replied, "No"; whereupon he sent for a policeman. The magistrate has decided that since complainant did not accuse the musician and her friends of causing annoyance, but civilly (or, perhaps, cynically) asked them whether they had not been there long enough, he had no case. If he had lost his temper, used "swear words," or even said, "Be off!" it is clear he

would have had the law on his side. This should be a lesson to those who when sick, or composing works of genius, are annoyed by street musicians.

It is not so long ago that the absence of certain necessary garments from a politician was a subject of much comment, and while deprived of them he was invested—perhaps from motives of delicacy—with a large amount of patriotism. But a politician in the United States has now been accused of a want of this virtue on account of his wearing certain clothes—which proves how very difficult it is to please all tastes. The cause of denunciation, however, is that he got them from a London tailor, in place of patronising native industry at double the price. Instead of referring his interrogators, as most Englishmen, I fear, would have done, to what Lord Feenix called "another place," this gentleman excuses himself, not upon the time-hallowed ground that the suit was "a little one," but that he had only ordered one suit. This, however, his accusers say was "No Protection" (in a political sense), and upon cross-examination actually elicited that he also purchased a suit of flannels in Germany. Inquiries about his under-linen are, it is understood, being diligently prosecuted, and the result will doubtless be made known by cable.

The statement that "one of our younger novelists is now working in the London Docks" in order to obtain local colour for a story has aroused some surprise; but every novelist who knows his business does the like in one way or another. Indeed, it sometimes happens that he stays a little too long at the docks. One should be tarred with the right brush, but not all over. It is not only a superfluous act, like that of the player who blacked himself from head to foot for the more complete rendering of Othello, but has the very opposite effect to that desired. If you want to describe a foreign city to those who have never been there, your sojourn should not extend beyond a week at furthest. The salient points of the place, the peculiarities that strike you on first acquaintance, are evanescent, and can never be recalled; and a traveller gives a far more graphic account of it to an alien than a native is able to do. If a locality in England has to be described, the storyteller must be indolent indeed if he does not make himself personally acquainted with it; but a visit to Nova Zembla, even if a chapter or two is laid in that region, is an excess of conscientiousness. It is more convenient to let other writers go there, and to read (very carefully) what they have to say about it.

The best picture—for the English reader—of Australia was written by Charles Reade, who never was there. William Howitt went there for him (as it were), though far from intending to do so. "You have taken half your 'Never Too Late to Mend,'" he exclaimed indignantly, "out of my book of travel." "Not so much as half," returned the novelist, "and then consider with what judgment (a most useful gift for a gentleman in the literary profession) I have picked out your plums." If the social life of a particular class has to be described to themselves, one must, of course, live among them, but for describing it to other classes a briefer stay is not only sufficient but preferable. As it is often supposed that what is foreign must needs be picturesque, so it is imagined that life out of your own sphere, whether higher or lower, must needs be full of interest. I remember once speaking to a club acquaintance on this subject, with a rather curious result. He was a quiet person of large means, supposed to have been made in trade, a circumstance which, in clubs, is no concern of anybody's, but the interest he took in a literary topic surprised me. I once said to him that it would be worth the while of a novelist to mix socially with the artisan class, and write of them "from within," not—as almost everyone has done, except Dickens—*de haut en bas*; that it would be a good plan to take up some trade—say of a journeyman watchmaker—and live among them from day to day for a twelvemonth or so. It would be a new field for fiction. "A very unrepaying one," remarked my companion, drily. "Such lives are duller and more monotonous even than our own." "Well, that remains to be proved. I know nothing about them." "No; but I do, since for twenty years I was an artisan myself."

It must be a dreadful thing to be both famous and philanthropic. Fortunately, the combination is rare. The philosopher gives himself up to mankind in theory, but not generally otherwise. His ideas are at the service of his fellow-creatures, but there he stops. The political economist, of course, never pauperises them by giving them anything; it is contrary to his principles. The poet, poor devil, except his poems, has nothing to give. But there are a few persons of eminence who are what begging-letter impostors call "Kynd Christian friends." Nobody knows what they have to go through. I called upon one the other day, who was writing something with the greatest carefulness, with his tongue in his cheek. I knew from his character that this was not cynicism. The fact is, his handwriting is the worst in Christendom. "For the widow and the orphan, I conclude," I said, thinking it was a cheque. "Well, not exactly, but something of that kind," he said, with a little blush. Then I saw he was writing on something very peculiar: notepaper is peculiar nowadays; some specimens are glossy, not to say greasy; others are rough,

with lines like a ploughed field upon them—the object, in fact, being peculiarity, and not usefulness. As I looked at it more carefully, I saw it was not paper at all, but linen. "This, then," I said, "is what has come of your philanthropy: you are reduced to write upon the tail of your shirt!" "It is not my shirt," he returned gently. "But what are you doing it for, and what is it?" "Can't you see?" he inquired irritably; I had somehow annoyed him. There were some blurred strokes here and there, and a great blot where the ink had run, but the whole effect was as if a spider had crawled out of the ink-pot and sat down. "It is for a church bazaar," he said; "somebody wants to build a chapel." I had always thought him queer, and exceedingly likely to go out of his mind. A man who answers every letter that is written to him, and is, in short, a philanthropist, can scarcely expect to keep his wits till the end of the chapter. But still I was shocked. "The fact is, it is for a bed-quilt," he went on. "A number of politicians and scientific people, and so on, are all helping to make it, and they want a few literary persons to fill up; and so they have written to me," he added modestly. "But you have no needle and thread," I said, thinking it best to humour him till the mad-doctor could be sent for. "What nonsense!" he exclaimed; "the church bazaar sew it together and we all contribute our autographs." I don't think I was ever so tickled in my life. The idea was humorous enough—a bed-quilt signed by distinguished persons like a round-robin; but that they should have asked this man of all men for his name—illegible on all materials—on linen, was something quite stupendous. "And that is really your autograph," I said, "is it?" There the conversation ended; but if people suppose that a philanthropist cannot be put out of temper they are mistaken.

There is no better proof of the fact that hope springs eternal in the human breast than the persistency with which authors argue with hostile critics. They have probably never gained a single convert. If they have ever obtained an apology it has been an ironical one. No experience in this matter seems of service to them, nor any advice. In his last volume of "Souvenirs," M. Renan, in reply to an inquiry whether in certain circumstances authors should not reply to their critics, answers "Jamais! jamais! jamais!" In the biography of Macaulay the whole question has been thoroughly gone into on their behalf, and one would have thought settled. But these good people are like the gold-fish George Eliot uses as a type of perseverance, who, having pushed the imprisoning glass with their cold little noses 500 times a day in vain, still believe they will get out; every morning they begin again. The last example is a lady novelist; she has had what, if she were a male, might be described as "a rough-and-tumble," not with a critic this time, but with a library committee. The authorities of the Ealing Free Public Library will not admit her works. The Queen, she tells us, admires them; a canon of the Church has expressed a wish that "all intending clergymen" should read at least one of them "before they are ordained"—and yet the committee won't have them. She protests she considers a veto from such a source as a great compliment, and we are bound to believe a lady's word. But it is clear that she is displeased with the Ealing committee. Does she really imagine that her saying so will do her any good, or turn them from the errors of their ways? If a critic, as she will readily admit, has the skin of a rhinoceros, a committee has half a dozen of them. Can any pen hope to pierce them? What she should have written, if it was absolutely necessary to relieve her feelings, was a reference to the locality inhabited by her enemies: "What you have done is explicable enough, for, although Ealing is not Hanwell, it is next door to it." It is always better to write in pity than in anger.

There have been good writers of fiction who have been unable to conceal their art. We may be interested in their story, and yet never be able to forget that it is a story. Some of them have even, most unpardonably, been so superfluous as to assure us, like Bottom in the play, that their lion is unreal and, in fact, only Snug the joiner. Mrs. Oliphant has not this sin upon her literary conscience. What she writes seems actually to happen, and she is careful not to interfere with the illusion. Her latest book—or perhaps by this time it is not her latest, for she has the pen of a ready writer—"The Cuckoo in the Nest," is a capital one. We seem to be living at Greyshott Manor ourselves, with the terrible Lady Piercy, her invalid old husband, her semi-idiot boy, and their poor relation, Margaret Osborne, with her delightful child, Osey. We are also quite as much at home at the Seven Thorns, almost as much as Patty Hewitt, its barmaid, made herself at the Manor. They are all very real people, and not the least so Colonel Gerald Piercy, the honourable, straightforward soldier, who, nevertheless, cannot understand how a woman of thirty-two can still entertain illusions. It is a book (but that is what one often says of Mrs. Oliphant's novels) which if written by an unknown author would make a reputation. Everyone who has a fair mind and appreciative taste welcomes the newcomer in literature; but one is sometimes almost inclined to say, as in the present instance, "The old is better." At all events, "The Cuckoo in the Nest," alike for interest and character-drawing, will be hard to beat.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Under the provisions of the Treaty between the Governments of Great Britain and Portugal, concluded on June 11, 1891, a joint commission was appointed to examine and define the boundary, in South-East Africa, separating the territory of the Portuguese Mozambique dominion south of the Zambesi from that of Mashonaland, occupied by the British South Africa Company. The line of demarcation to the north-west begins at some distance up the river Pangwe, at the mouth of which is the Portuguese station and port of Beira, and which has been used by the staff and hospital nurses of the English Mashonaland Mission, organised by the Bishop of Bloemfontein, to enter that country. Some Illustrations of this route were published last year in our Journal. The Boundary Commission has now begun its task; and we have received from one of the officers, Captain Grant, sketches of its reception at Beira; its march on the road from Beira to Massa Kessi, a mere path or track among grass 8 ft. or 10 ft. high; and the huts, constructed of poles and grass, in which the travelling party lodge at stopping-places on their road.

WRECK OF A PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM-SHIP.

Much regret has been caused by the news of a maritime disaster in the China Sea which has involved the loss of many lives, nearly a hundred and thirty, with the destruction of one of the steam-ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's fleet. The Bokhara, an iron three-masted ship of 2970 tons, with 3000-horse power engines, built at Greenock in 1873 and refitted in 1880, was engaged to carry the mails, with

writer. He has evidently been dazzled by Dr. Stockmann in "An Enemy of the People," and by Consul Bernick in "The Pillars of Society." If Henrik Ibsen managed to make these stern, earnest, business men attractive, why should not Edward Rose do the same for Agatha Tylden—a business woman? Why not, indeed? But unfortunately Mr. Rose does not possess the supreme skill of Ibsen in poetising the commonplace. Commerce with Ibsen becomes a romance. His genius vitalises it and idealises it. With him the sordid affairs of life are translated into a higher atmosphere. But Ibsen does not grow on every tree out here in England, and Mr. Rose's attempt to give us a Bernick or a Stockmann in petticoats has not altogether succeeded. He did well to tempt Mrs. Langtry into the enterprise. She is handsome, she is attractive, she is desperately in earnest. Whatever she does she does to the very utmost of her capacity. Her Agatha Tylden, in point of art, is the best thing she has ever done on the stage. She was determined to show that she has better claims to recognition than those derived from the milliner or the jeweller. She determined to act this time, and she did her utmost to save the play and give it that heart-beat that the author struggled to impart. Mr. Lewis Waller also worked bravely and well, and Mr. Cyril Maude gave a masterly sketch of Scotch commercial character. But acting could not make headway against such a subject, handled as it was in this instance. Those in the audience who had studied Ibsen rose from this deliberate imitation of him more impressed than ever with his genius. But then, as ill-luck will have it, "Agatha Tylden" is not in the same hemisphere with Bernick or Stockmann.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

"INCOGNITA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

It must not be supposed that it is the eye and the eye alone that is delighted in the feast of colour that Mr. Horace Sedger has prepared for his enthusiastic patrons. True it is

particular marking should be confined to one sex is well known, but has not been satisfactorily explained by naturalists. In a state of nature there is no sexual variation in colour in the feline animals. A somewhat similar arrangement prevails with regard to the striped red tabbies. In this variety the males, however, are numerous, the females being very rare.

Other singularities of marking are found in the domestic cat. Black cats without a trace of white are rare, there being almost always a few white hairs at the lower part of the neck just at the top of the breast-bone.

The long-haired cats were numerous, and some of the specimens very beautiful. These cats are usually regarded as being of Persian origin, the best being still imported from that country; they also come from Asiatic Turkey, and are often called Angoras. Long-haired cats are amongst the most beautiful of domestic pets, but they entail much trouble on their owners, for if the silky fur is permitted to become entangled it is almost impracticable to comb or brush it into its pristine state. Then, again, they are remarkably delicate. Many, especially those with blue eyes, are deaf, and when young the kittens are subject to fits, during which they dash about in a most frantic manner. The half-bred long-haired specimens are hardier, but the length of their silky covering is much diminished.

The only distinctly new variety in the exhibition was a cat stated to have been imported from Tibet. This was a small, dark, slate-coloured specimen with frizzy or curly hair very much like the short hair of a negro. Of the Manx or tailless cats many specimens were shown. The Siamese cats are characterised by having light-coloured bodies, usually buff with black muzzles and extremities; when correctly marked they are very quaint and attractive.

The domestic cat is one of those animals that have a very mixed origin. The first tame cats were those kept by the Egyptians some thousand years since, being derived from the *Felis maniculata*, a North African species; since then it has been taken to most parts of the habitable globe, and has allied itself to the smaller wild feline animals of every country to which it has been introduced, hence the varieties that make up a cat-show in these latter ages. The wild cat of Great Britain, now nearly extinct, is certainly not the origin of our common domesticated variety, for it is distinguished by its larger size and truncated tail, to say nothing of other anatomical distinctions. The ancestors of our fire-side animal must be looked for in Egypt, and there can be little doubt that among the tons of cat mummies that were excavated at Beni Hassan in 1890 and shipped to Liverpool to be ground into manure for turnips were to be found the progenitors of our kittens. These Egyptian cats were certainly domesticated, according to Dr. Birch, as long since as 1600 years B.C., as proved by the inscriptions on tablets now existing in the British Museum; and the temples of the Egyptian goddess Pasht, who was always represented as a cat-headed deity, were as old as Thothmes IV., of the eighteenth dynasty, 1500 years B.C.

However much the cats of the present age may be esteemed by their possessors, it is to be doubted whether any one of the fair ladies who thronged the galleries of the Crystal Palace on Oct. 18 would, in the case of their death, go into deep mourning and shave off their eyebrows to show their grief, as Herodotus informs us was done in Egypt 3400 years ago.

W. B. TEGETMEIER.

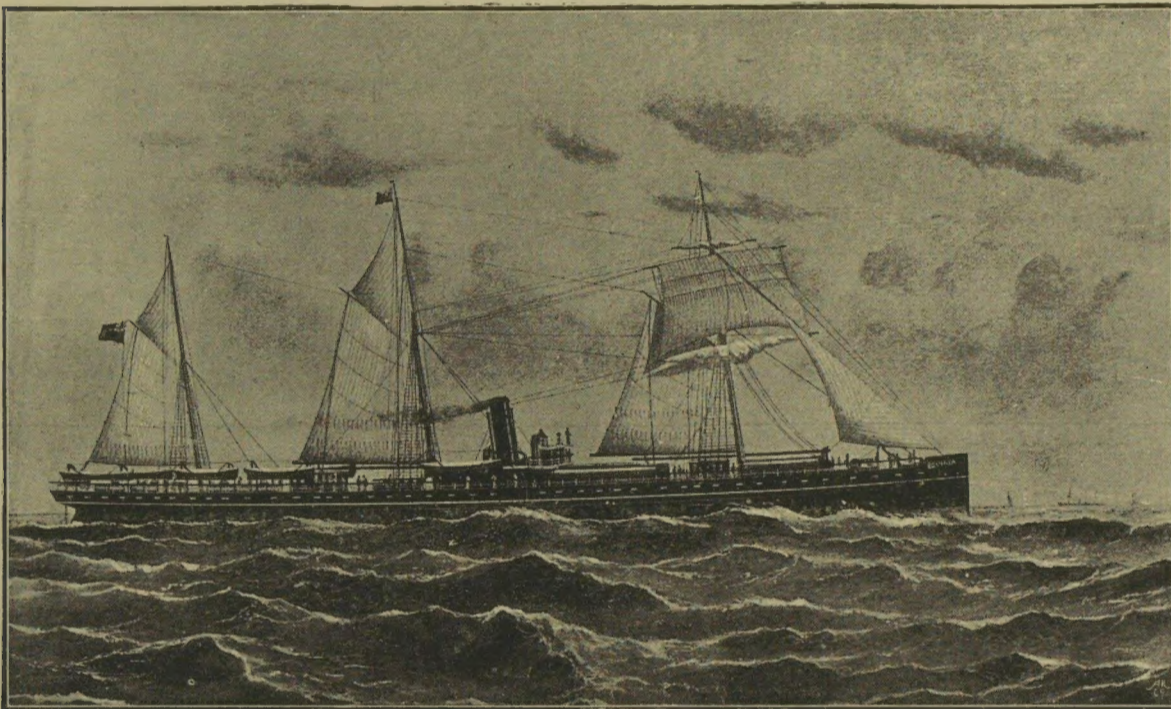
TOWN IN OCTOBER.

Autumn goes wandering, wandering on her way,
Down the mild slope that shortens day by day,
Under these quiet skies.
Here, as the green leaves fade, the gold leaves fall,
A still enchantment widens over all,
Painting the streets with vague autumnal dyes
Like ancient tapestries,
Touching to fantasy unfelt before
The motley hoardings' many-coloured lore;
With every floating leaf, each sound that sighs,
Seizing the sense with something subtler yet—
The deep exhilaration of regret
For this sweet hour that flies.

The long, barge-laden stream
Bears on the roseate haze, the golden gleam;
The leaves go hurrying at the light wind's call,
As to some festival;
While we, half-sorrowful, half-exultant, too,
Blown by the old year's breath to meet the new,
Stretch forth our hands to greet we know not what,
(So fair, forever, is the unknown lot!)
So strong the glamour of the London street,
With dim expectancies
Holding the heart in bondage stormy and sweet;
Here, though the dead leaves flit,
Doubt shall not hold dominion over it,
Nor Age, nor Sorrow, but sensuous sheer delight
In the blue, lamp-hung night.

Thine are our hearts, beloved City of Mist!
Wrapped in thy veils of opal and amethyst,
Set in thy shrine of lapis-lazuli,
Dowered with the very language of the sea,
Lit with a million gems of living fire—
London! the goal of many a soul's desire,
Goddess and Sphinx, thou hold'st us safe in thrall
Here, while the dead leaves fall.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.



THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAMER BOKHARA, WRECKED IN THE CHINA SEA.

a valuable cargo of silk and specie, from Shanghai to Hong-Kong, whence she would have proceeded to Colombo and Bombay. She left Shanghai on Oct. 8: it should have been a three-days voyage. The weather was very tempestuous, and she was not heard of till Oct. 17, when a telegram from Hong-Kong reported that she had been wrecked on Oct. 10 on the Pescadores Islands, west of the large island of Formosa, east of China. This is a considerable distance from the straight track, nearer the mainland coast, usually followed on that voyage; but it is stated that the sea had put out the engine fires, and the ship had become unmanageable, so as to be driven far out of her course. The commander, Captain C. D. Sams, of the Royal Naval Reserve, was an excellent officer long in the company's service. He, the second officer Mr. Inglis, four engineers, and most of the crew have perished. Twenty-three were saved, and have been brought to Hong-Kong by H.M.S. Porpoise. The ship had accommodation for 120 first and second class passengers, but it was thought likely that there would be but few Europeans on board at this time of the year. The passengers saved are Dr. Lawson and Lieutenant Markham, with five of the ship's officers, Messrs. Prickett, Parry, Sweeny, Ward, and Lewis. Of the passengers missing we have the names of Major Turner, Captain Dunn, Captain Dawson, Lieutenants Boyle and Burnet, several other gentlemen, and four ladies.

"AGATHA TYLDEN," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. Edward Rose could not have explained his new play better than in his cumbersome title. There it is, to swallow as you will—with a gulp or in fragments. It is enough to take your breath away, this "Agatha Tylden, Merchant and Ship-Owner." It is a romance of the country house, the idyll of the East Central district, the poem of commerce. But, after all is said and done, do romances, idylls, and poems ever stray east of Temple Bar? This is the question the public must decide with clever, daring, and industrious Mr. Edward Rose. No one can doubt the subtle influence that has been at work to undermine the dramatic constitution of this able

that his stage glitters as it has never done before. The senses are enchanted with music, merriment, and stage pictures that eclipse the old theatrical glories of the Lyceum under Vestris and Planché. But, though the eye is fascinated and the senses are lulled, there is a chance yet for the mind during the course of this pretty and diverting play. Mr. Burnand has done his work right well. He is both witty and wise. We have sound here and sense also. Mr. Harry Monkhouse by his performance in this play mounts to a very important place among the comedians of the day. This is no clowning—it is comedy. Mr. Monkhouse respects his calling. And who would weary of seeing the bright, clever, and enchanting Miss Aida Jenoure, who shows that her "Mountebanks" instant success was no "fluke" at all? The girl is an actress of great merit. Miss Sedohr Rhodes, recovered from her nervousness, has made herself a general favourite. They like her singing, they like her acting, they have taken to this charming American young lady. So, now that the cutting and altering and contriving have been completed, all is as merry as a marriage-bell with the charming "Incognita."

THE CATS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The show of the different varieties of the domestic cat held on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18 and 19, at the Crystal Palace, is the twenty-fourth annual exhibition, and as far as numbers are concerned one of the most successful. There were no less than 606 entries, and the number of exhibitors—the great majority of whom were ladies—was about 400. The animals were arranged as usual in classes according to colour and marking, the short-haired and long-haired being separately and distinctly grouped. The short-haired headed the list, the first class being for tortoiseshell, with or without white. For some years past no tortoiseshell male cat without white has been exhibited, and the separate class for that variety has been discontinued at the Palace show. Only three tortoiseshell-and-white males put in an appearance, while there were large entries of she-cats of all varieties. The strange circumstance that the

THE MOHAMMEDAN FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN BUTCHER.

On Aug. 12, A.D. 570, Mohammed was born. He was a posthumous child, as his father, Abdullah, had died two months before his birth. His mother's name was Aminah, and the Moolid-el-Nebbi, or Feast of the Prophet's Birthday, is celebrated all over the Mohammedan world, and especially in Cairo, with great fervour and festivity.

The three features of the fête are: (1) The dwelling in tents; (2) The Zikrs; (3) The solemn reading or recital of the account of the Prophet's birth.

For at least a week before the feast there are signs of activity visible. In odd nooks and corners of the city we see flags flying and hear pipes shrilling and drums beating. The extreme heat of the summer is over. The Nile is rising, and prayers for a good Nile are blended with the proper prayers for the day by many whose fortune for the year is at the mercy of the Father of Waters. Booths full of pink and white confectionery appear in vacant spaces. Wrestlers, their copper-coloured bodies stripped to the waist, and magicians with tall caps and censers,

Girded with snake-wiles,

slink out of their haunts, jugglers with performing goats and monkeys, sellers of pistachio nuts, and acrobats, all swarm in

Richard to "a collation under the black camel-skin tent of a chief of Kurdistan," but the modest description very inadequately represents the stately entertainment prepared for his guest. Thus, though the Arabs pass the days of the great birthday feast in tents, they are glorified specimens of the simple nomad covering. A canvas town covers the space of desert, which is bright with dervish banners of every tint and pattern, and intersected by lanes marked out by flags and banderoles. Before the sun sets the countless lamps in the thoroughfares and the great chandeliers in the chief tents are lighted.

Then begins the second remarkable feature in the ceremony: the dervishes arrive in crowds, and the Zikrs begin. The Zikr is the repetition of the name of God, and is a strangely impressive and yet painful performance. Thirty dervishes, men of all ages, from thirty to sixty, meet in a tent. The sheikh gives the word, and the "Fathah," a sort of commemoration of the Prophet and the four favourites of God, Abou Bekr, Omar, Osman, and Ali, is repeated. Then there is a pause, and at a signal all begin repeating "Lá iláha illa-lláh," "There is no deity but God," bowing the body as they chant in perfect time and in exact accord. This is done at first slowly, then more and more quickly as the excitement rises, and the stimulating effects of religious zeal seem to inebriate each man in the circle.

I have never seen such frantic instances of religious possession at the Zikrs at the Moolid-el-Nebbi as I have

THE JAFFA AND JERUSALEM RAILWAY.

The first railway line in Syria and Palestine, connecting Jaffa with Jerusalem, was opened on Sept. 26 by the Governor of Jerusalem, Ibrahim Hakki Pasha, and by the Sultan's Special Envoy, Djelal Pasha, General and Aide-de-Camp of his Imperial Majesty, in presence of several distinguished officials of the Ministry of Public Works, who arrived purposely from Constantinople to witness the event, and to examine the works to see if the line was constructed in accordance with the plans and the terms of the concession. The president of the railway company and several other gentlemen and engineers arrived also from Paris for the occasion. All the inhabitants of Jerusalem and the neighbouring districts gathered near the railway station; most of them were struck with amazement. A banquet was given by the railway company. The line is now open for traffic; two trains run every day from Jaffa to Jerusalem and the opposite way, passing by the towns of Ramleh and Lydda and several villages. Intending tourists may now be assured of finding comfortable accommodation on their journey to Jerusalem. Starting from Jaffa in the afternoon at two o'clock, they reach Jerusalem in three hours and a half, arriving in the Holy City before six o'clock in the evening.

One of the Rev. Sydney Smith's characteristic jokes, in some conversational allusion to the first employment of passenger-steamers on the Levant coasts, is apt to be remem-



OPENING OF THE JAFFA AND JERUSALEM RAILWAY: THE NEW STATION AT JERUSALEM.

the hopes of making a few piastres at "the merry, merry show," from which no true believer should absent himself. For what is the saying of the sweetmeat sellers?—"A grain of salt for the eye of him who will not bless the Prophet."

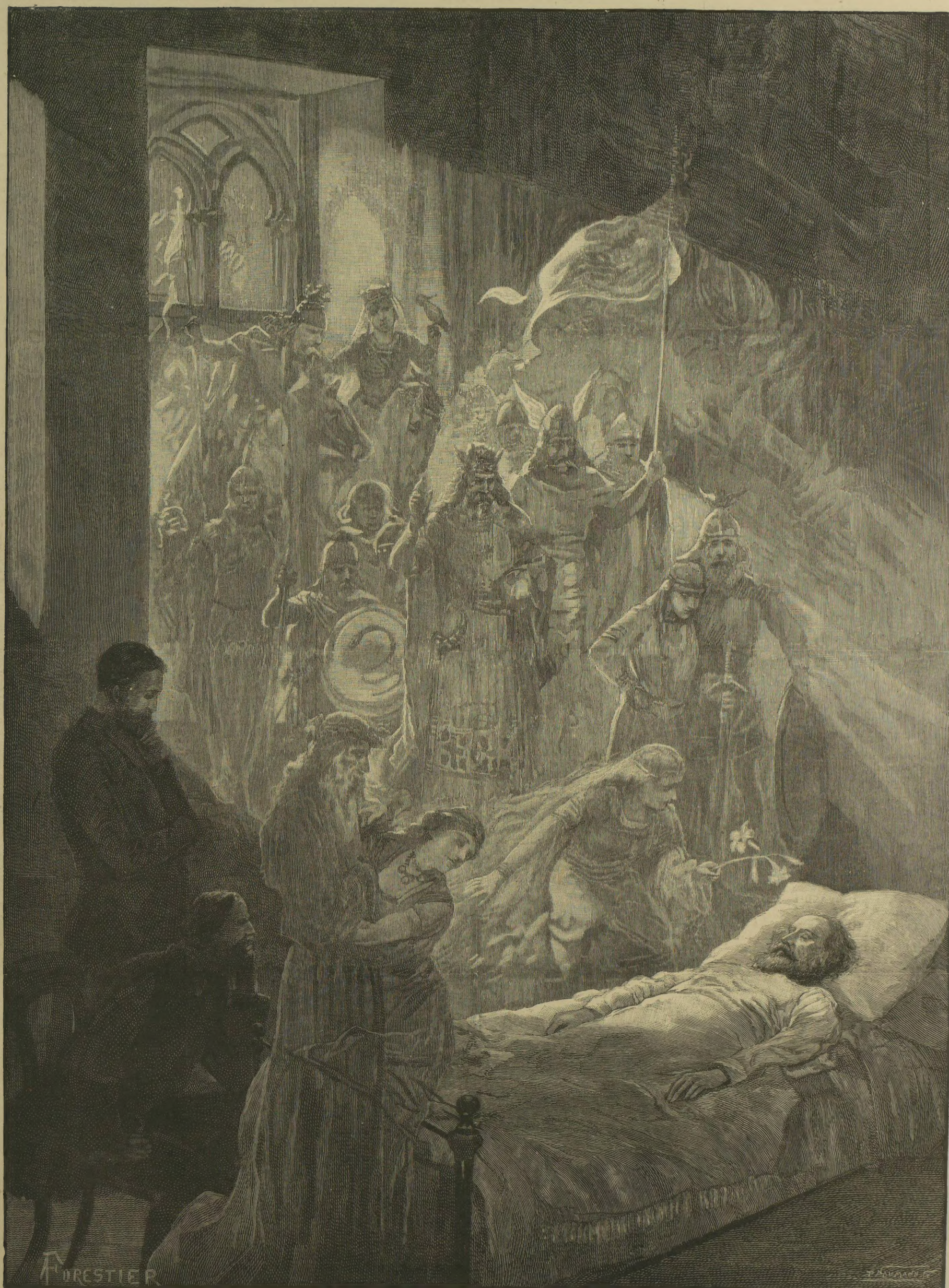
Within the memory of Cairenes still living the scene of the Prophet's Moolid, or Birthday Feast, has been twice changed. In the time of Lane it was held in the Ezbiqieh, not far from the house which the great Napoleon made his headquarters, and which was the quarter of Cairo first Europeanised. In the time of the Khedive Ismail the great religious gathering took place in an open space of desert sand, now covered with tall Italian-built houses, between the Boulak road made by Napoleon and the railway station where travellers first alight. Now the annual celebration takes place in an open space on the road to Old Cairo, though in all likelihood the builders will not leave this spot long unoccupied. There is a family likeness in all Eastern shows, and the careful observer knows that the same properties appear in many fantasies. There are certain decorated camels, for instance, which we have seen figuring at a score of Bedouin weddings, in the Mahmal, or Procession of the Carpet, and at the Carnival, at the Battle of Flowers. On the Moolid, or Birthday Festival of the Prophet, these serviceable camels do not show, but some of the gay tents appear at other Moolids.

Of all the commemorations of saints and santons, this is the most conspicuous. Its interest lies in its reminiscence of the nomadic character of the founders of Islam and in its resemblance to the Jewish feast, when the Israelites "dwelt in booths seven days." We are reminded that as Jacob was a plain-man dwelling in tents, so were the Mohammedan tribesmen who conquered the East, though their Prophet was city-born. Both Jewish and Moslem feasts are stamped with a nomadic character, and consist in men who have for centuries dwelt in houses going back of set purpose and for a set time to their tent life. In "The Talisman" Saladin invites King

witnessed at the little mosque hard by, where the celebrated howling dervishes perform. Here the intoxicating influence comes from the repetition of the formula of the faith innumerable times, and the excitement and strain stimulate the men almost to madness. The howlers often fall down in epileptic fits, and sometimes, in an intense paroxysm of rage, dash their heads on the stone floor, and have to be held by their more temperate comrades until the fit is over. This dance was once well described to me by a friend as "a chapter of religious history to be read only once," but one quite understands when one has seen it the accounts of the Jansenist convulsionaries in the eighteenth century.

The special function of the last night of the feast, however, is the reading of the account of the Prophet's birth. This is popularly believed to be an extract from the Koran, but it is simply a poem of no special sanctity composed by a sheikh called Bazenghi. Different countries have different fashions. In Constantinople they read a prose account in Turkish; in Morocco another version is popular. The subject is always the same: the history and circumstances of the birth of Mohammed, with the portents that accompanied it, the dream of Aminah that her body became luminous, the extinction of the sacred fire of the Persians, the earthquake which shook the palace of Chosroes, the sinking of the waters of Lake Sawah, &c. When the actual birth is reached all present rise and recite the usual formula of blessing. The person honoured with the duty of repeating this poem is a venerable white-bearded sheikh, who stands with his back to the mast or tent-pole, the listeners circling round him. The pashas and officials of high rank, Egyptian, Armenian, and English, and the officers of the army, in glittering uniforms, attend at the great pavilion while this ceremony is going on. Then they witness the regulation display of fireworks, and drive home about midnight. In a couple of days the city of tents has disappeared, and the sandy space is left vacant for another year.

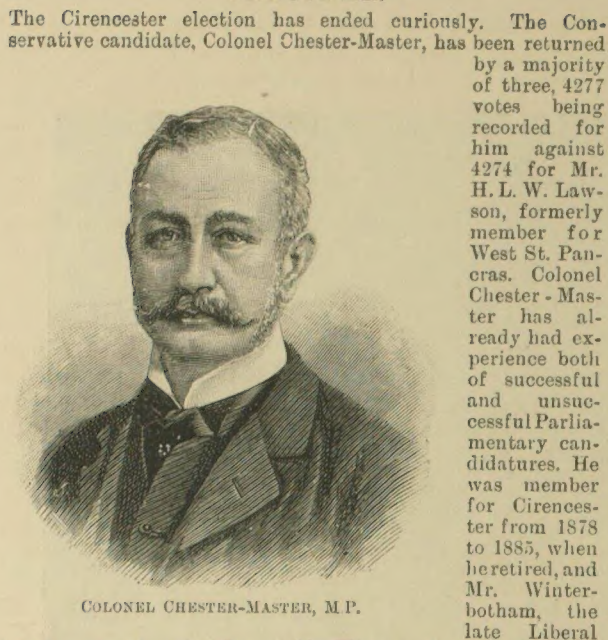
bered. "Easy, stop her! Anybody for Joppa?" with reference to the familiar cry on board our Thames penny steam-boats, had a rather droll effect. In these days we consult Baedeker, who informs us that Jaffa, pronounced Yáfa, is a town with some export trade in wheat, sesame, grain, oranges, silk, and soap; a landing-place, of course, for thousands of Mussulman, Jewish, and Christian pilgrims, the residence of a Turkish Kaimakam subordinate to the Pasha of Jerusalem. The harbour, for small vessels only, is a basin formed by natural rocks under water and by the remains of ancient works of masonry; its northern entrance, by the mole or pier, is endangered by sandbanks, and that from the north-west is very narrow. Larger vessels and steamers anchor in the roads half a mile from the shore; passengers are landed by the boatmen. The town, built of tufa, with narrow, dusty streets, lies on a yellow beach, at the foot of a rock 116 ft. high; to the north are orchards and palm-trees. There is a Greek monastery on the quay, and a Latin hospice, founded in 1654, said to occupy the site of the house of "one Simon, a tanner"—but the Mohammedans claim this distinction for the site of a mosque near the Fanar, or lighthouse; an Armenian monastery, too, in which Napoleon, when it was a French military hospital, ordered the plague patients to be put to death by poison. At Jaffa, also, four thousand prisoners of war, by his order, were deliberately massacred. In the eighth century there was a Greek Church of St. Peter, on the supposed site of Tabitha's house. A German religious colony is settled at Saron, two miles from the town. Joppa was occupied in the twelfth century by the Knights Crusaders, and was the scene of conflicts between Saladin and Richard Cœur de Lion. The distance south-east to Jerusalem, by the ordinary road, is about thirty-six miles. Ramleh and Lydda were towns of much note in the times of the Crusades and of the Arab rulers of Syria. The city of Jerusalem has been often described,



THE LATE LORD TENNYSON: THE LAST IDYLL.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

PERSONAL.



COLONEL CHESTER-MASTER, M.P.

The Cirencester election has ended curiously. The Conservative candidate, Colonel Chester-Master, has been returned by a majority of three, 4277 votes being recorded for him against 4274 for Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, formerly member for West St. Pancras. Colonel Chester-Master has already had experience both of successful and unsuccessful Parliamentary candidatures. He was member for Cirencester from 1878 to 1885, when he retired, and Mr. Winterbotham, the late Liberal

member, was elected. He ran Mr. Winterbotham very closely at the General Election, being only defeated by 153, and he now resumes his old association with the constituency. He was formerly lieutenant-colonel of the 4th Militia Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment. Mr. Lawson, it will be remembered, lost his old seat at St. Pancras last June by a small majority.

The battle of the Laureateship is still being briskly waged. There cannot, in any case, be much doubt about the filling up of the place left vacant by Tennyson's death. The Queen has practically the last word in the matter, and she and Prince Albert took a lively interest in the negotiations which led to Wordsworth's and Tennyson's acceptance of the position. The Prince Consort would probably have preferred Rogers on both occasions, and when Wordsworth died he offered him the post in a letter, the republication of which, in Mr. P. W. Claydon's "Life of Samuel Rogers," was especially permitted by the Queen. The Prince then laid stress on the fact that no duties were now attached to the post, and that no ceremonial "odes" were required of the Laureate.

"Talking of dead poets, I wonder" (writes a correspondent) "how many people recall the graceful sketch—which contains, perhaps, the best and most measured, and, at the same time, heartfelt memorial of Matthew Arnold which appeared after his death—contributed by Mr. George Russell, now the Under-Secretary for India? Mr. Russell knew Arnold well, and loved him for the perfect friendliness and beauty of his private character—the blithe and friendly spirit of Mr. John Morley's eulogy. Mr. Russell concludes his sketch with the following reminiscence, which in some way suggests Tennyson's feeling about the loss of his son Lionel—

In 1868 Matthew Arnold lost his eldest son, a schoolboy at Harrow. It was the present writer's privilege to be with the bereaved father on the morning after his boy's death, and the author with whom he was consoling himself was Marcus Aurelius. Readers of the "Essay in Criticism" will remember the beautiful panegyric on that great seeker after God, and will, perhaps, think that in describing him, the friend whom we have lost half-unconsciously described himself. "We see him wise, just, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless, yet with all this agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond—*tendentemq; manus ripo ulteriores amore.*"

The mystery of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is still a mystery so far as the names of the new proprietors are concerned; for, with the exception of Mr. Lowenfeld, of "Universal Stock Exchange" fame, they have not been disclosed. A new editor, or assistant editor, has been found, in the person of Mr. Kinloch Cooke, who has conducted the *Observer* and also the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and who will have his work cut out for him to maintain the standard of strength and brightness set by his predecessor, Mr. E. T. Cook, who has left the paper, together with the assistant editor, Mr. J. A. Spender, the nephew of a late distinguished journalist, and Mr. W. Hill, the competent news editor. Mr. Cooke has found a helper in the person of Mr. Marriott-Watson, who has contributed some lively work to the *National Observer*. With the change of editor the paper changes its policy, and after a short interval of neutrality will become Conservative; or, at least, Liberal-Unionist.

Under the initial "C.," a correspondent of the *Athenæum* declares, with apparent authority, that Lord Tennyson referred to his son Lionel in the lines—

I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Whoever the writer of the letter, the statement is incredible. The lines would lose more than half their dignity if thus interpreted, and could a man of advanced years possibly speak of a son of five-and-thirty as his "Pilot"—and with a capital "P"?

One of the late Mr. Thomas Woolner's medical attendants desires us to correct a slight ambiguity in Mr. Frederick Greenwood's obituary notice in our columns—the apparent implication that the loss of his friend Lord Tennyson was in some measure the cause of the distinguished sculptor's death. "Your article," our correspondent continues, "conveys an impression of discontent and dejection as both a present and a familiar condition of mind. But this was not so. Throughout the illness which terminated so unexpectedly and to such great sorrow, Mr. Woolner was, on the whole, remarkably cheerful: this was the abiding tone of his mind, and it was specially marked during the later days of his illness, when convalescence seemed so near. On the morning of his death he was cheerful as usual, and the conversation was of many things—he talked of Lord Tennyson, whose death he had learned on the previous day, but the news was too expected to come as a shock, and too natural and peaceful to cause distress. He was quite happy in mind, and was looking forward to a visit to Brighton in a few days. In the afternoon he was taking a little gentle exercise in his room when the sudden seizure came. There had been no excitement, no over-exertion, no hasty movement—indeed, he had done much less than the little he had been allowed to do on the previous day. It has been thought well by the family to correct by this brief statement of fact the surmises in Mr. Greenwood's friendly notice."

The death of Mr. William H. Bradbury, of the firm of Bradbury and Evans, has taken from us a veteran in the ranks of publishing and journalism. Born in 1832, Mr. Bradbury's association with *Punch* and with Charles Dickens's works make him a notable figure in bookland. "I am almost the author of the 'Waverley Novels,'" said one

of the Ballantynes, and Mr. Bradbury might have claimed to be almost the author of much valuable work during the last fifty years. He was the second son of the late William Bradbury, who, in connection with F. M. Evans, started the celebrated printing business in Bouverie Street. The greater number of Charles Dickens's books were originally printed by them, and to prevent copies of the first instalment of his serial novels from getting out before the proper time the younger members of the firm used to set up the type of the initial number by themselves in a separate room, which nobody else was allowed to enter.

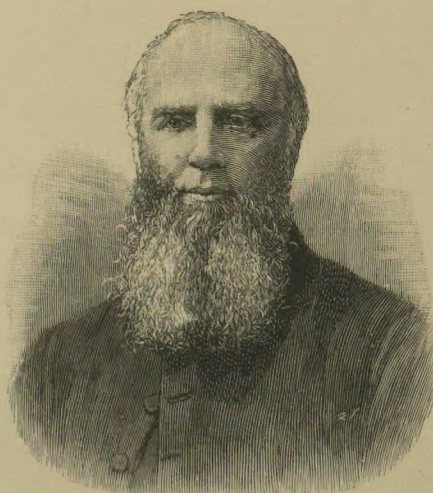
The Hon. George Denman, M.A., Q.C., who for twenty years has been better known as Mr. Justice Denman, and whose retirement from the Bench has just been announced, is the fourth son of the first Baron Denman (a pupil of the once popular authoress, Mrs. Barbauld), whose distinguished legal career in the early part of the present century was rewarded by his elevation to the Peerage in 1834, two years after he had succeeded Lord Tenterden as Lord Chief Justice of England. His Lordship, who was born in 1819, was senior classic in 1842, and four years later was called to the Bar. For thirteen years he represented Tiverton in Parliament, during part of which time he had Lord Palmerston for his colleague. He was raised to the Bench in 1872, and is the senior judge of the Queen's Bench Division. His Lordship has never been knighted, having always preferred to retain his rank and precedence as the son of a peer. The Denmans are an ancient Nottinghamshire family, and have distinguished themselves in physic as well as law, Mr. Justice Denman's grandfather having been a celebrated physician in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

By the almost sudden death of Mr. Deputy George Walter, at the venerable age of eighty-eight, the Corporation of the City has been deprived of the services of its "doyen," who for nearly fifty years has sat continuously as one of the annually elected members of the Ward of Farringdon Without. Since 1868 Mr. Walter has been an alderman's deputy. In spite of his great age, he has been able to attend to his duties with activity till the last, and has earned the esteem of his colleagues by his lengthened and useful services. Mr. Walter was for many years connected with the well-known Cogers' Hall, and carried on the business of a wine and spirit merchant in Fleet Street.

"The Omar-Khayamites, who met together under such pleasant auspices last week" (writes a correspondent), "should know something of the genesis of their faith. Fitzgerald's translation, which appeared in 1859, fell altogether flat with the general public, and the publisher, Mr. Quaritch, could find few who appreciated either the poetry or the philosophy of the Persian quatrains. In those days his shop was at the corner of St. Martin's Court, and outside was a box into which everything elsewhere unsaleable was thrown. One day a copy of the little quarto pamphlet, in a brown paper cover—as originally published—was fished out by a passer-by, who gave two pence for it. It was first shown by him to Mr. George Meredith, who at once appreciated the rare beauty of the work, but was at first sceptical as to the literalness of the translation. He kept the book by him for some time, until one day the late Thomas Hinchliffe—best known as a traveller in the Alps and Andes, but also a brilliant scholar—found it while staying with George Meredith at his cottage near Esher. Hinchliffe carried the book away with him, and soon afterwards there appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* the first literary notice of Omar Khayam which attracted any notice in this country." But the story is told in many different ways, and to both Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Rossetti has been ascribed the glory of Omar's English fame; or, at least, the fame of Edward Fitzgerald.

The October number of the *Review of Reviews* reopens, to the extent of seven pages, the famous Maybrick case, in which, it will be remembered, Mrs. Maybrick was sentenced to death for administering arsenic to her husband, James Maybrick, of Liverpool. Curiously enough, Mr. Stead was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at the time Mrs. Maybrick was sentenced, and his paper then strenuously upheld the ruling of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, the judge who tried the case. The evidence, however, was so conflicting, including that of the analysts, that there can scarcely be any doubt but that Mrs. Maybrick might be reasonably set free now, whatever the merits of the *Review of Reviews'* arguments.

The appointment of Canon Luckock to the Deanery of Lichfield can in no sense be deemed a surprise. He has long



THE VERY REV. H. M. LUCKOCK, DEAN OF LICHFIELD.

been sufficiently prominent as a Churchman to make his preference to a Deanery natural and seemly. He is, moreover, a Churchman of the type commonly supposed to be most after the heart of Mr. Gladstone. "Higher," no doubt, than his predecessor, and more decided in the statement of his views, Canon Luckock will, doubtless, follow in the main the policy of the late Dean. There will be no abrupt changes, though probably a further development of the influence of the Cathedral as a centre of usefulness in the diocese. The new Dean is, like the late Dr. Bickersteth, a scholar as well as a divine. Herbert Mortimer Luckock graduated at Cambridge in 1858, taking a second class in the Classical Tripos in the year that Professor Rawson Lumby was in the first, and in 1860 coming out in the first class, in what then corresponded with the Theological Tripos. Mr. Luckock obtained a Fellowship at Jesus College, twice held an incumbency at Cambridge, and, for a while, a living in the country. He is best known, perhaps, as Principal of Ely Theological College from 1876 to 1887; but he has been a select preacher at Cambridge on many occasions, an examining chaplain to two Bishops of Ely, a prolific author, and a Church Congress speaker. His special study has been the state of man after death, and his paper on Eschatology at the Manchester Church Congress occasioned some excitement.

The first Bishop of the new diocese of Rockhampton (Australia) was, not so long ago, a familiar figure among London Churchmen. The Right Rev. Nathaniel Dawes is an Oxford man, who took a third in the Honour School of Theology in the old days, when firsts were extreme rarities and seconds none too common. He was ordained in 1871 by the Bishop of Winchester, and settled down to a curacy at Streatham. Six years afterwards he became Vicar of St. Mary, Charterhouse. He left London in 1886, at the suggestion of Dr. Thornhill Webber, who had been consecrated Bishop of Brisbane in the preceding year. After holding a couple of incumbencies in that diocese and working as Archdeacon, Mr. Dawes was, in 1889, consecrated Bishop-Coadjutor for that diocese. Last year he was appointed Hon. Rector of Rockhampton. Now Brisbane is divided, and Bishop Dawes has been unanimously elected the first prelate to preside over the new diocese of Rockhampton. Both in England and Australia he has shown himself an able administrator and a moving preacher of the mission type.

Father Davis, the well-known parish priest of Baltimore, county Cork, died on Oct. 13, after a few days' illness. He was a man of ceaseless and practical energy, and of widespread popularity and influence. When appointed parish priest of Baltimore, says the *Times*, he was struck by the fact that English, Scotch, Manx, and French fishermen went to Baltimore year after year in well-equipped vessels to reap the sea-harvest, while the natives, too poor to provide themselves with vessels and gear suitable for the purpose, were forced to look on helplessly, or to supply cheap labour to those who were better favoured. Father Davis's practical mind soon saw a way out of the difficulty, and having devised a scheme, which he knew would require years of labour to work out, he, with an enterprise and courage worthy of all praise, applied himself earnestly to his task. He had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts crowned with success. With the assistance of the Government and the grand jury of the county he was enabled to erect the splendid piscatorial schools, where technical instruction is given in the capture and cure of fish and the manufacture of fishing gear and appliances. A pier was also erected through his agency, which made the harbour a safe refuge for the fishing fleet. But this was not all. Through the benevolence of several who sympathised with his work and admired his energy, he was able to provide the local fishermen with suitable boats and appliances, and to enable them to compete with fishermen from other quarters. Baroness Burdett-Coutts was not only the first but the most generous supporter of Father Davis's efforts, the result of which is that for some years past the local fishermen have been provided with boats, which cost £600 or £700 each. The purchase-money advanced to them they are steadily repaying in annual instalments.

Father Davis's last work in connection with his scheme for developing the resources and promoting the prosperity of Baltimore was the extension of railway communication to it from Skibbereen, thus completing the railway system between the city of Cork and the coast. The line is almost ready for traffic, and will be opened in a few weeks. Father Davis, who was so largely instrumental in securing Government assistance for the construction of this line, has not lived to witness the opening ceremony, which he hoped to see performed by Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

When the Irish Congested Districts Board was formed last year, Father Davis was selected by Mr. Balfour as a member, and took a very active part in the work of the board while the state of his health enabled him to do so.

A well-known provincial violinist of high standing has just passed away in Liverpool, at an advanced age, in the person of Mr. E. W. Thomas, who, with the evergreen and vivacious Mrs. Keeley, who began her stage career as Miss Goward, was one of the two last surviving artists who assisted at the production of Weber's opera of "Oberon" at Covent Garden six-and-sixty years ago. "Oberon" was the last work of the composer, and was specially written for the English public, and he himself superintended its production, which took place but a few weeks before his death. Madame Vestris, Miss Paton, Braham, and Fawcett, who also took part in this historic performance, have long ago passed away, while Miss Cawes, whose embodiment of Puck so delighted Weber, died about three years ago.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W., for our portrait of the Dean of Lichfield; to Messrs. Walery, Regent Street, W., for that of Mr. A. E. Stoddart; to Mr. Kingsbury, St. George's Place, S.W., for that of Colonel Chester-Master, M.P.; and to Mr. C. N. Tadros, of the British Consulate, Jerusalem, for the view of the opening of the new railway there, taken by Mr. G. Krikorias, of that city.

A LETTER FROM MR. R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

Mr. R. Louis Stevenson has sent the following letter to the artist who illustrated his "Uma" in this Journal. That artist was Mr. Gordon Browne, a son of Hablot K. Browne, perhaps better known as "Phiz" of Charles Dickens's works and our own pages.

VAHNSIA PLANTATION, SAMOAN ISLANDS.

To the Artist who did the Illustrations to "Uma."

Dear Sir,—I only know you under the initials "G. B.," but you have done some exceedingly spirited and satisfactory illustrations to my story "The Beach of Falesā," and I wish to write and thank you expressly for the care and talent shown. Such numbers of people can do good black-and-whites! So few can illustrate a story, or, apparently, read it! You have shown that you can do both, and your creation of Wiltshire is a real illumination of the text. It was exactly so that Wiltshire dressed and looked, and you have the line of his nose to a nicety. His nose is an inspiration. Nor should I forget to thank you for Case, particularly in his last appearance. It is a singular fact—which seems to point still more directly to inspiration in your case—that your missionary actually resembles the flesh-and-blood person from whom Mr. Tarleton was drawn. The general effect of the islands is all that could be wished; indeed, I have but one criticism to make: that in the background of Case-taking the dollar from Mr. Tarleton's head the natives have a little too much the look of Africans. But the great affair is that you have been to the pains to illustrate my story, instead of making conscientious black-and-whites of people sitting talking. I doubt if you have left unrepresented a single pictorial incident.—I am, dear Sir, your very much obliged—

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen (says *Truth*) is to hold a Council at Balmoral the week after next, when Parliament will be prorogued until the day when it is to meet for the despatch of business, which will probably be Jan. 31.

An announcement which has been in circulation that her Majesty is to stay at Balmoral until Nov. 23 is incorrect, for it is definitely settled that the Court is to return to Windsor Castle not later than Saturday, Nov. 19.

The Princess of Wales and her two younger daughters arrived at Marlborough House on Oct. 16 from Braemar, and went thence to Sandringham, where they were joined by the Prince of Wales on Oct. 18. The Prince subsequently went on a visit to Baron Ferdinand Rothschild at Aylesbury. The Princess of Wales remains at Sandringham until Dec. 10.

It is stated that the Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Earl of Rosebery to be a Knight of the Garter, in the room of the late Duke of Sutherland; and that her Majesty has also been pleased to approve the appointment of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Sutherland, vacant by the death of the present duke's father.

Ministers have suffered their first loss at a bye-election. The Cirencester Division of Gloucestershire, after a stubborn contest, was won by a Conservative majority of three votes. As the Liberal majority at the General Election was only 153, the shifting of the electorate in comparatively slight; but the seat is lost to the Government, and Mr. Gladstone's majority in the House of Commons is reduced to thirty-eight.

Mr. Morley's Evicted Tenants Commission consists of Mr. Justice Mathew, who is president, Mr. Christopher Redington, Mr. John Roche, Mr. Edmund Murphy, and Mr. Murrough O'Brien. The composition of the Commission is strongly denounced by the Irish landlords and their friends and extolled with equal vehemence by Mr. Dillon and the Nationalists. It is contended by Unionists that the Commissioners will have no power to inquire into the origin of evictions, though in the official account of the inquiry there appears to be nothing that will exclude this. The range of investigation extends over thirteen years, from 1879. Mr. Dillon is confident that the evidence will establish every just claim for reinstatement by evicted tenants on reasonable terms. The *Times* advises the landlords to scout the Commission and refuse to give testimony. For several reasons this course is not likely to be adopted. The landlords have a case, and if they were to decline to state it before the Commission they would injure their cause in public opinion.

The Irish quarrel over the Paris funds has advanced a stage. The Nationalists have agreed to nominate three representatives to negotiate with three Parnellites on the understanding that £8000 shall be allocated for the settlement of immediate claims, and the bulk of the money devoted to the relief of the evicted tenants. This looks like business, but there is plenty of debatable matter yet.

Mr. Morley has had a lively passage of arms with his old enemy, the *Times*. Colonel Sanderson published a letter, alleged to have been written by an Irish county inspector, warning a sheriff that police protection for evictions would be given only in daylight. On the faith of this, Colonel Sanderson drew a lurid picture of the sheriff being deserted at nightfall by the police, and left to the tender mercies of moonlighters. The *Times* took up the bowling, and then Mr. Morley had an innings. He replied that he had simply made intelligible an existing regulation that fourteen days' notice of eviction had to be given to the authorities, and that police protection at night was limited to cases in which the eviction had been carried out during the day. Then the *Times* bowled another "over," and the Chief Secretary carried out his bat.

Mr. Chamberlain is preparing another "unauthorised programme." This is to comprise an amendment of the Employers' Liability Act, a scheme of old-age pensions, the shortening of shop hours by municipal regulation, and a plan for municipal licensed victualling on the Gothenburg system. On this last point the Bishop of Chester has been conferring with Mr. Chamberlain, and a Bill will certainly be introduced next Session. Mr. Chamberlain's proposals have excited considerable discussion, and the Ministerial journals are busily striving to show that, in so far as they are practicable, they are already incorporated in the Government policy. It is a curious coincidence that Lord Randolph Churchill has taken occasion to disavow any sympathy with attempts to form what is called a Conservative Labour Party.

The debate about the successor to the Laureateship is carried on with much vigour. Sir Theodore Martin has definitely put himself out of the running by announcing that he would not dream of aspiring to such an office. The statement that Lord Tennyson expressed a wish that Mr. Lewis Morris should be chosen has been authoritatively contradicted. A vehement attack on Mr. Swinburne has been made by the *Tablet*, which supports the candidature of Mr. Coventry Patmore; but the general consensus of literary opinion is in Mr. Swinburne's favour, though whether the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" is willing to accept the office should it be offered to him is a point which has occurred to few of the eager disputants.

A curious controversy has raged over the text and authorship of the famous rhyme about the cassowary and the missionary. Even Professor Huxley has not disdained to join in the fray and to stake the reputation of his memory on this version—

If I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Cassock, bands, and hymn-book too.

In closing the correspondence the *Times* announced that these lines, and innumerable variants, had been ascribed to the Prince Consort, Thackeray, Lord Neaves, Sydney Smith, Theodore Hook, Bishop Wilberforce, Porson, Mary Boyle, Professor de Morgan, Kingsley, Edgar Allan Poe, Tom Hood's father, and Professor Conington. This widespread desire to devour the missionary is a portent which demands a philosophical explanation.

A challenge by Mr. Lawson Tait, the distinguished surgeon, to the chief advocates of vivisection in this country to state a single case in which the practice has been of direct service to them has not found acceptance. Sir Andrew Clark, Sir James Paget, Dr. Wilks, and Dr. George Humphry decline to engage in a newspaper discussion, and assert that it would be difficult to name any branch of medical practice in which vivisection had not enlarged valuable knowledge. It is generally felt that this refusal of Mr. Lawson Tait's test is a mistake. Mr. Victor Horsley continues to assail Miss Frances Power Cobbe in terms which have excited a protest even from vivisectionists. Mr. Horsley would do better to answer Mr. Tait.

The advocates of free speech in Trafalgar Square have decided to hold a meeting there on Nov. 13. There is little doubt that this gathering will be permitted by the Home Secretary, who is prepared to restore the privilege of public meeting in the Square under conditions. This policy is strongly opposed by owners of property in the vicinity of the Square, and Mr. Asquith will have a lively quarter of an hour with deputations of indignant tradesmen.

The agitation against the abandonment of Uganda is growing. The chief plea is that the withdrawal of British authority will be followed by massacre, and that every obligation to the natives will be violated. To this it is replied that the social condition of the country cannot, in any event, be much worse than when the Catholic and Protestant parties fought for supremacy and Captain Lugard intervened with his Maxim gun.

The trial of the South Lambeth poisoning case brings to a climax one of the strangest stories of crime ever told in a court of justice. The most striking evidence against the accused, Thomas Neill, was given by a girl to whom he was said to have offered strychnine pills, which she did not take. Then he left her, and circulated a report of her death. Further, he tried to blackmail people for the crimes with which he was charged. Here the question of motive, within the bounds of sanity, is certainly intricate.

On the European Continent, in the past week, no political incident of any importance beyond the domestic affairs of each country has taken place. The German Emperor, on Oct. 17, laid the foundation-stone of a memorial church at Berlin, and unveiled a monument at Spandau, in honour of his father, the late Emperor Frederick III. The meeting of the Prussian Diet is fixed for Nov. 9. The proposed German army reforms are still the topic of lively discussion. It is stated that the largely increased military expenditure will be partly defrayed by a great augmentation of the taxes on beer and foreign tobacco and on Stock Exchange operations. Professor Virchow was, on Oct. 15, formally installed as Rector of the Berlin University. The anniversary of the Protestant Reformation, on Oct. 31, is to be celebrated by the reconsecration of the Schlosskirche at Wittenberg, which ceremony the Emperor will attend.

The Austrian Imperial Delegation has been debating the policy of the Triple Alliance. Count Kalnoky, the Minister, on Oct. 17 said everyone there wished for the best relations with Russia, and that the Triple Alliance was not against that Power. It was a purely defensive agreement; only peace was desired. He had received further communications which confirmed the idea that no one anywhere intended any aggression on Austria. With regard to the East, the policy of Austria was conciliatory and passive, desiring no advantage for herself, merely wishing that the consolidation of the Eastern States might be continued within the limits of the Berlin Treaty, so that none of them should become dependent upon any of the Great Powers.

The Greek Government has quarrelled with that of Roumania, and broken off diplomatic intercourse, on account of a legal decision against the validity of a bequest of real estate made twenty years ago by two Greek merchants owning property in Roumania, for the promotion of agriculture and manufactures in Greece.

Russia has shown her displeasure with the Sultan for his friendly treatment of Bulgaria and reception of M. Stamboulof, by requesting payment of arrears due on the war indemnity of 1878 and compensation due to Russian subjects.

In France, the trade returns for October, compared with those of the corresponding month last year, show a serious decrease of both exports and imports, which seems likely to require a reduction of the financial Budget. Much controversy is still going on upon the action of the Government with reference to the Carmaux miners' strikes; and M. Calvignac's claim to be paid his wages as a workman when he is absent from the company's work, engaged in his municipal office as mayor, is upheld by Socialists as a logical consequence of universal suffrage. The Chamber of Deputies opened on Oct. 18, when the Minister, M. Loubet, successfully repelled the attacks of M. Dupuy-Dutemps and M. Armand Després on this topic; he gained the support of an overwhelming majority of votes, and undertook to bring in a Bill for obligatory arbitration in all mining disputes.

The Queen-Regent and infant King of Spain, after the Columbus commemorative festival at Huelva, have been further entertained at Seville, whence they proceed to Granada; but the little boy, his Majesty, has been rather poorly in health, though not enough to cause alarm.

The Portuguese Government has given new proofs of a friendly feeling towards England by signing a treaty for the mutual extradition of criminals and by other acts; the river Guanza, in South-East Africa, has been opened freely to the commerce of all nations; and an International African Flotilla Company, organised by a syndicate in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York, is to undertake the navigation of the Zambesi.

The King of Sweden and Norway opened the Swedish Rigsdag at Stockholm on Oct. 18 with a speech announcing a Bill for the reorganisation of the army at an additional annual cost of £370,000.

The cholera at Hamburg appears to be nearly extinct, and the restrictions on railway traffic with Berlin are being relaxed.

The Khedive of Egypt, on Oct. 17, opened the new Museum of Greco-Roman and Early Christian Antiquities at Alexandria, and the Municipal Library of that city.

The Belgian Governor-General of the Congo State, Major Wabis, with several officers of his Government, arrived at Brussels on Oct. 16, and are to give explanations on certain points. It is denied that M. Van den Kerckhoven's expedition would go to Wadelaï.

Public spirit in the United States of America is engrossed by the impending contest for the Presidency of the Union, which is between the Republican and the Democratic parties, between General Harrison and ex-President Grover Cleveland, between McKinley Tariff Protection and Free Trade. The Ministers and other Federal officials at Washington have gone to Chicago for the ceremonial dedication of the Great Exhibition buildings. A fire at Eaglewood, a suburb of Chicago, has destroyed property worth a million dollars.

The Government of the Canadian Dominion is modified by the appointment of Mr. Daly as Minister of the Interior, and Mr. Dewdney becomes Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia in his place. It is expected that Mr. Abbott will retire from the Premiership in favour of Sir J. D. S. Thompson.

Our Indian Government is called upon again to bestir its military forces in Upper Burma against the insurgent Chins, to send fresh troops to Fort White, and to provide for the safety of hill-posts, notably Tiddim, now threatened with attack.—X.

MUSIC.

How seldom does a poem provide material for a good operatic libretto! Goethe's "Faust" is an exception, but take the majority of the operas that are popular at the present time, and it will be seen that their stories, if not historical or original, are either derived from a work written in prose or founded upon a stage-play. Scenes and characters that "read" beautifully when invested with the glamour of the poet's genius lose half their charm when they become exposed to the glare of the footlights. The scenes refuse to hang together; the characters, deprived of the delicate descriptive colour and subtle analysis wherewith the poet clothed his ideas, degenerate into commonplace and uninteresting personages. We had instances of this, a few months back, in M. Bemberg's "Elaine" and Mr. Isidore de Lara's "Light of Asia." Another has just been forthcoming in Tchaikowsky's "Eugene Onégin," produced by Signor Lago at the new Olympic Theatre on the opening night of his opera season, Monday, Oct. 17.

"Eugene Onégin" owes its Russian popularity to two things. In the first place, everyone knows Pushkin's poem, and can fill in every little detail that the stage picture omits. Secondly, Tchaikowsky is a great favourite with his countrymen, and his music is largely pervaded by the national sentiment, not to speak of the mazurkas, the polonaises, and the waltzes which every Russian adores. Here it is different. Taking the opera as it stands, we find in its seven scenes as many acts, and our interest is not even mildly aroused until the third or fourth. We watch with comparative indifference the business of Onégin's introduction to the sisters; of Tatiana's long struggle before she finally sends off her confession of love to the blasé hero; of the interview in which the latter "disillusions" the romantic girl. The country ball, with its quaint mixture of people and costumes, its provincial manners, and the silly French tutor who sings his apropos ballad in honour of Tatiana's birthday, has amusing features, though it bores Onégin so terribly that to keep himself awake he is obliged to flirt with his friend Lensky's fiancée, Olga, wherein he is rude to his friend and unkind to poor Tatiana. But we ask ourselves whether this incident is really sufficient motive for the quarrel and the duel that follow. What a storm in a tea-cup to cause two bosom friends to meet in deadly combat! However, Lensky is killed, and Onégin, haunted by remorse, leaves the country long enough for Tatiana to forget her love for him and marry an elderly general. And then the ending—Onégin suddenly discovering his passion for Tatiana; her turning the tables on him, and the final parting, she going out at one door and he out at the other. This may be all very well in a poem, but as a dénouement to an opera nothing could be less satisfactory.

Some of Tchaikowsky's music is delightful enough, but a great deal of it is not better fitted for operatic purposes than the subject which it illustrates. Save in the latter scene, which is too long, and the episode of the duel, there is a conspicuous absence of dramatic impulse, together with too much elaboration of treatment both in the vocal and orchestral writing. The choruses, particularly that sung by the peasant in the opening scene, are full of spirit and individuality, and the dance movements, to which we have already referred, reveal all the freshness and not a little of the national character peculiar to certain features of the Russian composer's style. We like also the air for Olga, which Miss Lily Moody sings prettily; the two airs for Onégin, in which part Mr. Eugene Oudin exhibits the talent of a fine actor as well as an accomplished singer; the song in the last act for Prince Gremin, admirably rendered by Mr. Charles Manners; and the concluding duet for Onégin and Tatiana. In the latter rôle Miss Fanny Moody acquires herself with the greatest distinction, investing the character of the young girl with rare intensity of emotional temperament and interpreting her music with true artistic feeling. Mr. Iyer McKay is in no sense of the word an ideal Lensky; but Madame Svatlovsky as the nurse and Mlle. Selma as Larina are quite excellent. The first performance left something to be desired as regards smoothness of ensemble, though, on the whole, it did credit to the conductor, Mr. Henry J. Wood, and a capable band and chorus. How far Signor Lago's enterprise in mounting Tchaikowsky's opera will be rewarded remains to be seen.

At Covent Garden Madame Melba is the "bright particular star" of the season. She has been singing Marguerite and Elsa to crowded houses, and was further announced to appear as Violetta for the first time in England, though that interesting event has now been postponed. The Australian cantatrice is in her best form, and the general opinion is that her acting has greatly improved since even the summer season. As for her vocalisation, that could not very well attain a higher degree of perfection. The performance of "Faust," in which Madame Melba took part on Oct. 15 was signalled by the interpolation of the "Walpurgis" ballet act, which Gounod wrote for the production of his masterpiece at the Grand Opéra, and which Sir Augustus Harris had not given since his season at Drury Lane in 1887. For the actual ballet we do not profess to care, though needless to say it is mounted with the utmost taste and ample splendour of dress and *mise en scène*. The music, however, is exquisite, and that alone is sufficient excuse for a halt of half an hour in the action of the opera, especially when it can, as in the present instance, be compensated for by beginning the performance half an hour earlier.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts made an extremely successful commencement for the ante-Noël series on Oct. 15. If not actually crowded, the room was well filled, and the execution of an interesting programme gave entire satisfaction to the critical amateurs who patronise these concerts. Exception might, perhaps, have been taken to the somewhat mannered reading of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor vouchsafed by M. Vladimir de Pachmann. But that could be forgiven in consideration of the pleasure of seeing the talented virtuoso back in England after his long stay in America; and besides, his rendering of some Chopin pieces later in the afternoon would have atoned for even greater shortcomings. Mr. August Manns and his superb orchestra came in for deserved enthusiasm. In Sullivan's "In Memoriam" overture (a tribute to the memory of Lord Tennyson) and Beethoven's symphony in F, No. 8, they displayed their finest attributes; and they did complete justice to the novelties, whereof Mr. C. A. Lidgely's ballade for orchestra, after Doré's picture "A Day Dream," elicited warm admiration, being, indeed, a work full of imagination and technical resource. M. André Wormser's symphonic poem, "Les Lupercales," proved clever and interesting enough to have merited a better place in the programme. Mr. Oudin was the vocalist, and very welcome were his contributions to the concert.



Graham Macfarlane (Mr. Cyril Maude).

Hugh Ainsworth (Mr. Lewis Waller).

Agatha Tylden (Mrs. Langtry).

Winifred March (Miss Marie Linden).

SCENE FROM "AGATHA TYLDEN," THE NEW PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.



A REVEL IN "INCOGNITA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED.

A SKETCH

OF
A

TEMPERAMENT.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,"

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," &c.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

THE OLD PHANTOM BECOMES DISTINCT.

That lady remained for the present partially screened by her neighbours. A diversion was caused by Lady Channelcliffe bringing up somebody to present to the political Jove; the ladies got mixed, and Jocelyn lost sight of the one whom he was beginning to suspect as the stealthily returned absentee.

He looked for her in the young lady of the house, his hostess's younger sister, who appeared to more advantage that night than she had ever done before—in a sky-blue dress, which had nothing between it and the fair skin of her neck, lending her an unusually soft and sylph-like aspect. She saw him, and they converged. Her look of "What do you think of me now?" was suggested, he knew, by the thought that the last time they met she had appeared under the disadvantage of mourning costume, on a wet day in a country-house, where everybody was cross.

"I have some new photographs, and I want you to tell me whether they are good," she said. "Mind, you are to tell me truly, and no favour."

She produced the pictures from an adjoining drawer, and they sat down together upon an ottoman for the purpose of examination. The portraits, taken by the last fashionable photographer, were very good, and he told her so; but as he spoke and compared them his mind was fixed on something else than the mere judgment. He wondered whether the elusive one were indeed in the frame of this girl.

He looked up at her. To his surprise, her mind, too, was on other things bent than on the pictures. Her eyes were glancing away to distant people, she was visibly considering the effect she was producing upon them by this cosy tête-à-tête with Pearston, and upon one in particular, a man of thirty, of military appearance, whom Pearston did not know. Quite convinced now that no phantom belonging to him was contained in the outlines of the present young lady, he could coolly criticise her as he talked. They were both doing the same thing—each was pretending to be deeply interested in what the other was talking about, the attention of the two alike flitting away to other corners of the room when the very point of the discourse was pending.

No, he had not seen Her yet. He was not going to see Her, apparently, to-night; she was scared away by the twanging political atmosphere. But he still moved on searchingly, speaking to those he knew. Under the white hair of that ribanded old man was a forehead grown wrinkled over treaties that had swayed the fortunes of Europe; under the forehead spoke a voice which had numbered sovereigns and heirs-apparent among its listeners; under the voice was a heart that would go inside a hazel-nut shell. Beneath those white ropes of pearls was the pink bosom; beneath the pink bosom the half-lung which had, by hook or by crook, to sustain its possessor above ground till the wedding-day.

At that moment he encountered his amiable host, and almost simultaneously caught sight of the lady who had at first attracted him and then had disappeared. Their eyes met, far off as they were from each other. Pearston laughed inwardly: it was only in ticklish excitement as to whether this was to prove a true *trouvaille*, and with no instinct to mirth, for when under the eyes of his Jill-o'-the-Wisp he ever palpitated like a sheep in a fair.

However, for the minute he had to converse with his host, Lord Channelcliffe, and almost the first thing the Earl said to him was: "Who is that pretty woman in the black dress with the white fluff about it and the pearl necklace?"

"I don't know," said Jocelyn, with incipient jealousy; "I was just going to ask the same thing."

"O, we shall find out presently, I suppose. I daresay my wife knows." They had parted, when a hand came upon his shoulder. Lord Channelcliffe had turned back for an instant: "I find she is the granddaughter of my father's old friend, the last Lord Hengistbury. Her name is Mrs.—Mrs. Pine-

Avon; she lost her husband two or three years ago, very shortly after their marriage."

Lord Channelcliffe became absorbed into some adjoining dignitary of the Church, and Pearston was left to pursue his quest alone. A young friend of his—the Lady Mabella Buttermead, who appeared in a cloud of muslin and was going on to a ball—had been brought against him by the tide. A warm-hearted, emotional girl was Lady Mabella, who laughed at the humorousness of being alive; she asked him whither he was bent, and he told her.

"O yes, I know her very well!" said Lady Mabella, eagerly. "She told me one day that she particularly wished to meet you. Poor thing—so sad—she lost her husband. Well, it was a long time ago now, certainly. Women ought not to marry and lay themselves open to such catastrophes, ought they, Mr. Pearston? I never shall. I am determined never to run such a risk! Now, do you think I shall?"

"Marry? O no; never," said Pearston, drily.

"That's very comforting. But sometimes I think I may,

just for the fun of it. . . Now we'll steer across to her, and catch her, and I'll introduce you. But we shall never get to her at this rate!"

"Never, unless we adopt 'the ugly rush,' like the citizens who follow the Lord Mayor's Show."

They talked, and inched towards the desired one, who, as she talked to a neighbour, seemed one of those—

Female forms, whose gestures beam with mind, seen by the poet in his Vision of the Golden City of Islam.

Their progress was continually checked. Pearston was, as he had sometimes seemed to be in a dream, unable to advance



The portraits, taken by the last fashionable photographer, were very good, and he told her so.

towards the object of pursuit unless he could have gathered up his feet into the air. After ten minutes given to a preoccupied study of shoulder-blades, back hair, glittering headgear, napes of necks, moles, hairpins, pearl-powder, pimples, strange minerals cut into facets of all colours and rays, necklace-clasps, fans, stays, the seven styles of elbow and arm, the thirteen varieties of ear; and by using the toes of his dress-boots as coulters with which he ploughed his way and that of Lady Mabella in the direction they were aiming at, he drew near to Mrs. Pine-Avon, who was drinking a cup of tea in the back drawing-room.

"My dear Nichola, we thought we should never get to you, because it is worse to-night, owing to these dreadful politics! But we've done it." And she proceeded to tell her friend of Pearston's existence hard by.

It seemed that the widow really did wish to know him, and that Lady Mabella Buttermeal had not indulged in one of the too-frequent inventions in that kind. When the youngest of the trio had made them acquainted with each other, she left them to talk to a younger man than the sculptor.

Mrs. Pine-Avon's black velvets and silks, with their white accompaniments, finely set off the exceeding fairness of her neck and shoulders, which, though unwhitened artificially, were without a speck or blemish of the least degree. The gentle, thoughtful creature she had looked from a distance she now proved herself to be; she held also sound rather than current opinions on the plastic arts, and was the first intellectual woman he had seen there that night, except the poetess aforesaid.

They soon became well acquainted, and at a pause in their conversation noticed the new excitement caused by the arrival of some late comers with more news. The latter had been brought by a rippling, bright-eyed lady in black, who made the men listen to her, whether they would or no.

"I am glad I am an outsider," said Jocelyn's acquaintance, now seated on a sofa beside which he was standing. "I wouldn't be like my cousin, over there, for the world. She thinks her husband will be turned out at the next election, and she's quite wild."

"Yes; it is mostly the women who are the gamblers; the men only the cards. The pity is that politics are looked on as being a game for politicians, just as cricket is a game for cricketers; not as the serious duties of political trustees."

"How few of us ever think or feel that 'the nation of every country dwells in the cottage,' as somebody says!"

"Yes. Though I wonder to hear you quote that."

"O—I am of no party, though my relations are. There can be only one best course, and the wisdom of the nation should be directed to find it."

Having started thus, they found no difficulty in agreeing on many points. When Pearston went downstairs from that assembly at a quarter to one, and passed under the steaming nostrils of an ambassador's horses to a hansom which waited for him against the railing of the square, he had an impression that the Beloved had re-emerged from the shadows, without any hint or initiative from him—to whom, indeed, such re-emergence was an unquestionably awkward thing.

CHAPTER XI.

SHE DRAWS CLOSE, AND SATISFIES.

He could not forget her eyes, though he remembered nothing of her general facial detail. They were round, inquiring, luminous. How that chestnut hair of hers had shone: it required no tiara to set it off, like that of the dowager he had seen there, who had put ten thousand pounds upon her head to make herself look worse than she would have appeared with the ninepenny muslin cap of a servant woman.

Now the question was, ought he to see her again? He had his doubts. But, unfortunately for discretion, just when he was coming out of the rooms he had encountered an old lady of seventy, his friend Mrs. Brightwalton—the Honourable Mrs. Brightwalton—and she had hastily asked him to dinner for the day after the morrow, stating in the honest way he knew so well that she had heard he was out of town, or she would have asked him two or three weeks ago. Now, of all social things that Pearston liked it was to be asked to dinner off-hand, as a stopgap in place of some bishop, duke, or Secretary of State who couldn't come, and when the invitation was supplemented by the information that the lady who had so impressed him was to be one of the guests, he had promised instantly.

At the dinner, he took Mrs. Pine-Avon down upon his arm, and talked to nobody else during the meal. Afterwards they kept apart awhile in the drawing-room for form's sake; but eventually gravitated together again, and finished the evening in each other's company. When, shortly after eleven, he came away, he felt almost certain that within those luminous grey eyes his Aphrodite had verily taken lodgings—and for a long lease. But this was not all. At parting, he had, almost involuntarily, given her hand a pressure of a peculiar and indescribable kind; a little response from her, like a mere pulsation, of the same sort told him that the impression she had made upon him was reciprocated. She was, in a word, willing to go on.

But was he able?

There had not been much harm in the flirtation thus far; but did she know his history, and that of his wife, and of the separation a dozen years ago, and his ignorance of whether Marcia were dead or alive? He was now a man over forty, she was probably thirty; and he dared not make meaningless love with the carelessness of a younger man. It was impossible to go further without telling her, even though, hitherto, such explicitness had not been absolutely demanded. Yet, for himself, he had a strong conviction that Marcia had ceased to be.

He determined to call immediately on the New Incarnation.

She lived not far from the long, fashionable Hamptonshire Square, and he went thither with expectations of having a highly emotional time at least. But somehow the very bell-pull seemed cold, although she had so earnestly asked him to come.

As the house spoke, so spoke the occupant, much to the astonishment of the sculptor. The doors he passed through seemed as if they had not been opened for a month; and, entering the drawing-room, he beheld, in an easy-chair in the far distance, a lady whom he journeyed to reach, and ultimately did reach. To be sure it was Mrs. Nichola Pine-Avon, but frosted over indescribably. Raising her eyes in a slightly inquiring manner from the book she was reading, she leant back in the chair, as if soaking herself in luxurious sensations which had nothing to do with him, and replied to his greeting with a few commonplace words.

Now, the unfortunate Jocelyn, though recuperative to a degree, was at first terribly upset by this reception. He had distinctly begun to love Nichola, and he felt sick and almost tearful. But happily his affection was incipient as yet, and a sense of the ridiculous which suddenly appeared in his own position carried him to the verge of risibility during the scene. She signified a chair, and began the critical study of some rings she wore.

They talked over the day's news; and then an organ began to grind outside. The tune was a rollicking air he had heard at some music-hall; and, by way of a diversion, he asked her if she knew the composition.

"Naow, I don't!" she replied.

"Now, I'll tell you all about it," said he, gravely. "It is based on a sound old melody and song called 'Calder Fair.' Just as they turn Madaira into port in the space of a single night, so this old air has been taken and doctored, and twisted about, and brought out as a new popular ditty."

"Indeed!"

"If you are in the habit of going much to the music-halls or the burlesque theatres?"

"Yes?"

"You would find this is often done, with excellent effect."

She thawed a little, and then they went on to talk about her house, which had been newly painted, and decorated with greenish-blue satin up to the height of a person's head—an arrangement that somewhat improved her slightly faded, though still pretty, face, and was helped by the awnings over the windows.

"Yes; I have had my house five years," she observed complacently, "and I like it better every year."

"You have only had it two years, if you deduct the three years you let it to some friends of mine, whom I have often called on in this very room, my darling," he said to himself—but not to her.

However, before he rose she grew friendly to some degree, and when he left, just after the arrival of three opportune young ladies, he thought she seemed regretful. She asked him to come again; and he thought he would tell the truth. "No; I shall not come again," he answered, in a tone inaudible to the young ladies.

She followed him to the door. "What an uncivil thing to say!" she murmured, in surprise.

"It is rather uncivil. Good-bye," said Pearston.

As a punishment she did not ring the bell, but left him to find his way out as he could. "What this means I cannot tell," he said to himself. And yet the meaning was staring him in the face.

Meanwhile one of the three young ladies had said, "What interesting man was that, with his lovely head of hair? I saw him at Lady Channelecliffe's the other night."

"Jocelyn Pearston."

"Oh, Nichola, that is too bad! To let him go in that shabby way, when I would have given anything to know him! I have wanted to know him ever since I found out how much his experiences had dictated his statuary, and I discovered them by seeing in an American paper of the death of a person supposed to be his wife, who left him many years ago, don't you know, and had been living with somebody under another name, according to some novel social principles she had invented for herself."

"O! is she dead?" said Mrs. Pine-Avon, with a start. "Why, I heard only yesterday that it was probable she was alive."

"She is believed to have died two or three years ago," said the young lady. "How I wish I could run after him!"

But Jocelyn was receding from the pretty widow's house with long strides. He went out very little during the next few days, but about a week later he kept an engagement to dine with Lady Iris Speedwell, whom he never neglected, because she was the brightest hostess in London.

By some accident he arrived rather early. Lady Iris had left the drawing-room for a moment to see that all was right in the dining-room, and when he was shown in there stood alone in the lamplight Nichola Pine-Avon. She had been the first arrival. He had not in the least expected to meet her there, further than that, in a general sense, at Lady Iris's you expected to meet everybody.

She had just come out of the cloak-room, and was so tender and even apologetic that he had not the heart to be other than friendly. As the other guests dropped in, the pair retreated into a shady corner, and she talked beside him till all moved off for the eating and drinking.

He had not been appointed to take her across to the dining-room, but at the table found her exactly opposite to him. She looked very charming between the candles, and then suddenly it dawned upon him that her previous manner must have originated in some false report about his late wife, of whose death he had been credibly, though not absolutely, assured a couple of years before this time. Anyhow, he was not disposed to resent an inexplicability in womankind, having found that it usually arose independently of fact, reason, probability, or his own deserts.

So he dined on, catching her eyes and the few pretty words she made opportunity to project across the table to him now and then. He was courteously responsive only, but Mrs. Pine-Avon herself distinctly made advances. He readmired her, while at the same time her conduct in her own house had been enough to check his confidence—enough even to make him doubt if the Well-Beloved really resided within those contours

or had ever been more than the most transitory passenger through that interesting and accomplished soul.

He was pondering this question, yet growing decidedly moved by the playful pathos of her attitude, when, by chance, searching his pocket for his handkerchief, something crackled, and he felt there an unopened letter, which had arrived at the moment he was leaving his house, and he had slipped into his coat to read in the cab as he drove along. Pearston drew it sufficiently forth to observe by the post-mark that it came from his natal isle. Having hardly a correspondent in that part of the world now, he began to conjecture on the possible sender.

The lady on his right, whom he had brought in, was a leading actress of the town—indeed, of the United Kingdom and America, for that matter—a creature in airy clothing, translucent, like a balsam or sea-anemone, without shadows, and in movement as responsive as some highly lubricated many-wired machine, which, if one presses a particular spring, flies open and reveals its works. The spring in the present case was the artistic commendation she deserved. At this particular moment she was engaged with the man on her own right, a representative of Family, who talked positively and hollowly, as if shouting down a vista of five hundred years from the Feudal past. The lady on Jocelyn's left, wife of a Lord Justice of Appeal, was in like manner talking to her companion on the outer side; so that, for the time, he was left to himself. He took advantage of the opportunity, drew out his letter, and read it as it lay upon his napkin, nobody observing him, so far as he was aware.

It came from the wife of one of his father's former workmen, and was concerning her son, whom she begged Jocelyn to recommend as candidate for some post in town she wished him to fill. But the end of the letter was what arrested him—

"You will be sorry to hear, Sir, that dear little Avice Caro, as we used to call her in her maiden days, is dead. She married her cousin, if you do mind, and went away from here for some years, but was left a widow, and came back a twelvemonth ago; since when she began to falter, and now is gone."

CHAPTER XII.

SHE BECOMES AN INACCESSIBLE GHOST.

By imperceptible and slow degrees the scene at the dinner-table seemed to recede into the background behind the more distinct presentment of Avice Caro and the old, old scenes on the stone island which were inseparable from her personality. The handsome Marchioness in geranium-red and diamonds, who was visible to him on his host's right hand opposite, became as one of the misty vermilion sunsets that he had watched so many times over the West Bay, with the form of Avice in the foreground. Between his eyes and the judge who sat next to Nichola, with a chin so raw that he must have shaved every quarter of an hour during the day, intruded the face of Avice, as she had glanced at him in their last parting. The old society lady, who, if she had been a few years older, would have been as old-fashioned as her daughter, suggested the powdery, dusty quarries of his and Avice's parents, down which he had clambered with Avice hundreds of times. The ivy trailing about the table-cloth, the lights in the tall silver candlesticks, and the bunches of flowers, mixed in with the ivies and the flower-beds of the castle on the isle and the lighthouses down at the Beal.

More than all, Nichola Pine-Avon gradually lost the radiance which she had latterly acquired; she became a woman of his acquaintance with no distinctive traits; she seemed to grow material, a superficies of flesh and bone merely; she was a person of lines and surfaces, a language in living cypher—no more.

When the ladies had withdrawn it was just the same. The soul of Avice—the only woman he had never loved (of those who had loved him)—surrounded him like a firmament. Art drew near to him in the person of one of the most distinguished of portrait-painters; but there was only one painter for Jocelyn—his own memory. All that was eminent in European surgery addressed him in the person of that harmless and unassuming fogey whose hands had been inside the bodies of hundreds of living men; but the lily-white corpse of an obscure country girl chilled the interest of discourse with such a king of operators.

Reaching the drawing-room he talked to his hostess. Though she had entertained twenty guests at her table that night she had known not only what every one of them was saying and doing throughout the repast, but what every one was thinking. So, being an old friend, she said quietly, "What has been troubling you? Something has, I know."

Nothing could less express the meaning his recent information had for him than a statement of its facts. He told of the opening of the letter and the discovery of the death of an old acquaintance.

"The only woman whom I never loved, I may almost say!" he added, smiling; "and therefore the only one I shall ever regret!"

Whether she considered it a sufficient explanation or not, the woman of the world accepted it as such. She was the single lady of his circle whom nothing erratic in his doings could surprise, and he often gave her stray ends of his confidence thus with perfect safety.

He did not go near Mrs. Pine-Avon again; he could not: and on leaving the house walked abstractedly along the streets till he found himself at his own door. In his own room he sat down, and placing his hands behind his head thought his thoughts anew.

At one side of the room stood an escritoire, and presently going to a lower drawer of the same he took out a small box tightly nailed down. He forced the cover with the poker. The box contained a multifarious variety of odds and ends, which Pearston had thrown into it from time to time in years gone by for future sorting—an intention that he had never carried out. From the melancholy mass of papers, faded photographs, seals, diaries, withered flowers, and such like, Jocelyn drew a little portrait, one taken on glass in the more

primitive days of photography, and framed with tinsel in the commonest way.

It was Avice Caro, as she had appeared during the summer month or two which he had spent with her on the island twenty years before that time, her young lips pursed up, her hands meekly folded. The effect of the glass was to lend to the picture much of the softness characteristic of the original. He remembered when it was taken—during one afternoon they had spent together at the neighbouring watering-place, when he had suggested her sitting to a touting artist on the sands, there being nothing else for them to do. A long contemplation of the likeness completed in his emotions what the letter had begun. He loved the woman dead and inaccessible as he had never loved her in life. He had unceremoniously forsaken her on the eve of what would have become an irrevocable engagement, because he did not love her; and it had been, in one view, the kindest thing he could have done, though the harshest, no spark of passion existing. He had thought of her but at distant intervals during the whole nineteen years since that parting occurred, and only as somebody he could have wedded. Yet now the years of youthful friendship with her, in which he had learnt every fibre of her innocent nature,

began to consider in what direction from where he stood that darling little figure lay. It was straight across there, under that young pale moon. The symbol signified well. The divinity of the silver bow was not more excellently pure than she, the lost, had been. Under that moon was an island of stone, and on the island a house, framed from mullions to ridge-tile like the isle itself, of stone. Inside the window, the moonlight irradiating her winding-sheet, lay Avice, reached only by the faint noises inherent in the isle; the tink-tink of the chisels in the quarries, the surging of the sea in the Bay, and the muffled grumbling of the waves in the never-pacified Race.

After dinner his old friend Somers came in to smoke, and when they had talked a little while Somers alluded casually to some place at which they would meet on the morrow.

"I sha'n't be there," said Pearston.

"But you promised."

"Yes. But I shall be at the island—looking at a dead woman's grave." As he spoke his eyes turned, and remained fixed on a table near. Somers followed the direction of his glance to a photograph on a stand.

"Is that she?" he asked.

peninsula was directly accessible. At two o'clock in the afternoon he was rattled along under the familiar monotonous line of bran-coloured stones, and emerged from the station among the black lerrets and the white cubes of ashlar.

In entering upon the pebble beach the train had passed close to the ruins of Henry the Eighth's castle, whither Avice was to have accompanied him on the night of his departure. Had she appeared the betrothal would have taken place; and, as no islander had ever been known to break that compact, she would have become his wife.

Ascending the steep incline to where the quarrymen were chipping just as they had formerly done, and within sound of the great stone saws, he looked southward towards the Beal.

The level line of the sea horizon rose above the surface of the isle; and against the stretch of water, where a school of mackerel twinkled in the afternoon light, was defined, in addition to the distant lighthouse, a church with its tower, standing about a quarter of a mile off, near the edge of the cliff. The churchyard gravestones could be seen in profile against the same vast spread of watery babble and unrest.

Among the graves moved the form of a man clad in a white sheet, which the wind blew aside every now and then, revealing dark trousers under. Near him moved six men bearing a long box, and two or three persons in black followed. The coffin, with its twelve legs, looked like a large insect crawling



He moved back to the church wall, warm from the afternoon sun, and sat down upon a window-sill facing the grave.

flamed up into a yearning and passionate attachment, embittered by regret beyond words.

That kiss which had offended his dignity, which she had so childishly given him before her consciousness of womanhood had been awakened, what he would have given to have a quarter of it now!

Pearston was almost angry with himself for his feelings of this night, so unreasonably, motivelessly strong were they towards that lost young playmate. "How senseless of me!" he said, as he lay in his lonely bed. She had been another man's wife almost the whole time since he had been estranged from her, and now she was a corpse. Yet the absurdity did not make his grief the less: and the consciousness of the intrinsic, almost radiant, purity of this new-sprung affection for a flown spirit forbade him to check it. The flesh was absent altogether; it was love rarefied and refined to its highest attar. He had felt nothing like it before.

The next afternoon he went down to his club; not his large club, where the men hardly spoke to each other, but the smaller one, where they told stories of an afternoon, and were not ashamed to confess among themselves to the most extraordinary personal weaknesses and follies, knowing well that such secrets would go no further. But he could not tell this; so volatile and intangible was the story, that to convey it in words would have been as hard as to cage a perfume.

They observed his altered manner, and said he was in love. Pearston admitted that he was; and there it ended. When he reached home he looked out of his bed-room window, and

"Yes."

"Rather a bygone affair, then?"

Pearston acknowledged it. "She's the only sweetheart I never loved, Alfred," he said. "Because she's the only one I ought to have loved. That's just the fool I have always been."

"But if she's dead and buried, you can go to her grave at any time as well as now, to keep up the sentiment."

"I don't know that she's buried."

"But to-morrow—the Academy night! Of all days why go then?"

"I don't care about the Academy."

"Pearston—you are our only inspired sculptor. You are our Praxiteles. You are almost the only man of this generation who has been able to mould and chisel forms living enough to draw the idle public away from the popular genre paintings into the usually deserted lecture-room, and people who have seen your last piece of stuff say there has been nothing like it since sixteen hundred and—since the sculptors 'of the great race' lived and died. Well, then, for the sake of others you ought not to rush off to that God-forgotten island just when you are wanted in town, all for a woman you last saw a hundred years ago."

"No—it was only nineteen," replied his friend, with abstracted literalness. He went the next morning.

Since the days of his youth a railway had been constructed along the pebble bank, so that, except when the rails were washed away by the tides, which was rather often, the

across the isle, under whose belly the flashing lights from the sea and school of mackerel were reflected; a fishing-boat, far out in the Channel, being momentarily discernible through the opening.

The procession wandered round to a particular corner, and halted, and stood there a long while in the wind, the sea behind them, the surplice of the priest still blowing. Jocelyn stood with his hat off: he was present, though he was a quarter of a mile off; and he seemed to hear the words that were being said, though nothing but the wind was audible.

He instinctively knew that it was none other than Avice whom he was seeing interred; his Avice, as he now began presumptuously to call her. Presently the little group withdrew from before the sea, and disappeared.

He felt himself unable to go farther in that direction, and turning aside went aimlessly across the open land, visiting the various spots that he had formerly visited with her. But, as if tethered to the churchyard by a cord, he was still conscious of being at the end of a radius whose pivot was the grave of Avice Caro; and as the dusk thickened he closed upon his centre and entered the churchyard gate.

Not a soul was now within the precincts. The grave, newly shaped, was easily discoverable behind the church, and when the same young moon arose which he had observed the previous evening from his window in London he could see the yet fresh foot-marks of the mourners and bearers. The breeze had fallen to a calm with the setting of the sun: the lighthouse had opened its glaring eye, and, disinclined to leave a spot sublimed both by early association and present regret, he moved back to the church wall, warm from the afternoon sun, and sat down upon a window-sill facing the grave.

END OF PART FIRST.

THE GERMAN CHICAGO.—III.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I was in Berlin while the city was preparing to celebrate Professor Virchow's seventieth birthday. When the birthday arrived—the middle of October—it seemed to me that all the world of science arrived with it; deputation after deputation came, bringing the homage and reverence of far cities and centres of learning, and during the whole of a long day the hero of it sat and received such witness of his greatness as has seldom been vouchsafed to any man in any walk of life in any time, ancient or modern. These demonstrations were continued in one form or another day after day, and were presently merged in similar demonstrations to his twin in science and achievement, Professor Helmholtz, whose seventieth birthday is separated from Virchow's by only about three weeks; so nearly as this did these two extraordinary men come to being born together. Two such births have seldom signalled a single year in human history.

But perhaps the final and closing demonstration was peculiarly grateful to them. This was a *Kommers* given in their honour the other night by one thousand students. It was held in a huge hall, very long and very lofty, which had five galleries, far above everybody's head, which were crowded with ladies, four or five hundred, I judged. It was beautifully decorated with clustered flags and various ornamental devices, and was brilliantly lighted. On the spacious floor of this place were ranged, in files, innumerable tables, seating twenty-four persons each, extending from one end of the great hall clear to the other, and with narrow aisles between the files. In the centre, on one side, was a high and tastefully decorated platform, twenty or thirty feet long, with a long table on it, behind which sat the half-dozen chiefs of the choir of the *Kommers* in the rich mediæval costumes of as many different college corps. Behind these youths a band of musicians was concealed. On the floor directly in front of this platform were half-a-dozen tables, which were distinguished from the outlying continent of tables by being covered instead of left naked. Of these the central table was reserved for the two heroes of the occasion and twenty particularly eminent professors of the Berlin University, and the other covered tables were for the occupancy of a hundred less distinguished professors.

I was glad to be honoured with a place at the table of the two heroes of the occasion, although I was not really learned enough to deserve it. Indeed, there was a pleasant strangeness in being in such company—to be thus associated with twenty-two men who forget more every day than I ever knew. Yet there was nothing embarrassing about it, because loaded men and empty ones look about alike; I knew that to that multitude there I was a professor. It required but little art to catch the ways and attitudes of those men and imitate them, and I had no difficulty in looking as much like a professor as anybody there.

We arrived early—so early that only Professors Virchow and Helmholtz and a dozen guests of the special tables were ahead of us, and three hundred or four hundred students. But people were arriving in floods now, and within fifteen minutes all but the special tables were occupied, and the great house was crammed, the aisles included. It was said that there were four thousand men present. It was a most animated scene, there is no doubt about that; it was a stupendous beehive. At each end of each table stood a corps student in the uniform of his corps. These quaint costumes are of brilliant coloured silks and velvets, with sometimes a high-plumed hat, sometimes a broad Scotch cap, with a great plume wound about it, sometimes—oftenest—a little shallow embroidered silk cap on the tip of the crown, like an inverted saucer; sometimes the pantaloons are snow-white, sometimes of colours; the boots in all cases come up well above the knee, and in all cases also white gauntlets are worn; the sword is a rapier with a bowl-shaped guard for the hand painted in several colours. Each corps has a uniform of its own, and all are rich of material, brilliant in colour, and exceedingly picturesque; for they are survivals of the vanished costumes of the Middle Ages, and they reproduce for us the time when men were beautiful to look at. The student who stood guard at our end of the table was of grave countenance and great frame and grace of form, and he was doubtless an accurate reproduction, clothes and all, of some ancestor of his of two or three centuries ago—a reproduction as far as the outside, the animal man, goes, I mean.

As I say, the place was now crowded. The nearest aisle was packed with students standing up, and they made a fence which shut off the rest of the house from view. As far down this fence as you could see, all these wholesome young faces were turned in one direction, all these intent and worshipping eyes were centred upon one spot—the place where Virchow and Helmholtz sat. The boys seemed lost to everything, unconscious of their own existence; they devoured

those two intellectual giants with their eyes, they feasted upon them, and the worship that was in their hearts shone in their faces. It seemed to me that I would rather be flooded with a glory like that, instinct with sincerity, innocent of self-seeking, than win a hundred battles and break a million hearts.

There was a big mug of beer in front of each of us, and

faction, but a professor helped me out. This was his explanation: The students in uniform belong to different college corps. Not all students belong to corps—none join the corps except those who enjoy fighting. The corps students fight duels with swords every week, one corps challenging another corps to furnish a certain number of duellists for the occasion, and it is only on this battle-field that students of different corps exchange courtesies. In common life they do not drink with each other or speak. The above line now translates itself: There is truce during the *Kommers*, war is laid aside, and fellowship takes its place.

Now the performance began. The concealed band played a piece of martial music, then there was a pause. The students on the platform rose to their feet, the middle one gave a toast to the Emperor, then all the house rose, mugs in hand. At the call of "One, two, three!" all glasses were drained and brought down with a slam on the tables in unison. The result was as good an imitation of thunder as I have ever heard. From now on, during an hour, there was singing in mighty chorus. During each interval between songs a number of the special guests—the professors—arrived. There seemed to be some signal whereby the students on the platform were made aware that a professor had arrived at the remote door of entrance, for you would see them suddenly rise to their feet, strike an erect military attitude, then draw their swords. The swords of all their brethren standing guard at the innumerable tables would flash from the scabbards and be held aloft—a handsome spectacle! Three clear bugle notes would ring out, then all these swords would come down with a crash, twice repeated, on the tables, and be uplifted and held aloft again; then in the distance you would see the gay uniforms and uplifted swords of a guard of honour clearing the way and conducting the guest down to his place. The songs were stirring, the immense outpour from young life and young lungs, the crash of swords and the thunder of the beer-mugs gradually worked a body up to what seemed the last possible summit of excitement. It surely seemed to me that I had reached that summit, that I had reached my limit, and that there was no higher lift devisable for me. When apparently the last eminent guest had long ago taken his place, again those three bugle blasts rang out, and once more the swords leaped from their scabbards. Who might this late comer be? Nobody was interested to inquire. Still, indolent eyes were turned toward the distant entrance; we saw the silken gleam and the lifted swords of a guard of honour ploughing through the remote crowds. Then we saw that end of the house rising to its feet; saw it rise abreast the advancing guard all along, like a wave. This supreme honour had been offered to no one before. Then there was an excited whisper at our table, "*Mommsen!*" and the whole house rose—rose and shouted and stamped and clapped, and banged the beer-mugs. Just simply a storm! Then the little man, with his long hair and Emersonian face, edged his way past us and took his seat. I could have touched him with my hand—*Mommsen!*—think of it!

This was one of those immense surprises that can happen only a few times in one's life. I was not dreaming of him; he was to me only a giant myth, a world-shadowing spectre, not a reality. The surprise of it all can be only comparable to a man's suddenly coming upon Mont Blanc, with its awful form towering into the sky, when he didn't suspect he was in its neighbourhood. I would have walked a great many miles to get a sight of him; and here he was, without trouble or tramp or cost of any kind. Here he was, clothed in a Titanic deceptive modesty, which made him look like other men. Here he was, carrying the Roman world and all the Cæsars in his hospitable skull, and doing it as easily as that other luminous vault, the skull of the universe, carries the Milky Way and the constellations.

One of the professors said that once upon a time an American young lady was introduced to *Mommsen*, and found herself badly scared and speechless. She dreaded to see his mouth unclose, for she was expecting him to choose a subject several miles above her comprehension, and did not suppose he could get down to the world that other people lived in; but when his remark came, her terror disappeared—

"Well, how do you do? Have you read Howells's last book?" "I think it's his best."

The active ceremonies of the evening closed with the speeches of welcome delivered by two students, and the replies made by Professors Virchow and Helmholtz.

Virchow has long been a member of the city government of Berlin. He works as hard for the city as does any other Berlin alderman, and gets the same pay—nothing. I don't know that we in America could venture to ask our most illustrious citizen to serve on a board of aldermen, and if we might venture it I am not positively sure that we could elect him. But here the municipal system is such that the best men in the city consider it an honour to serve gratis as aldermen, and the people have the good sense to prefer these men and to elect them year after year. As a result, Berlin is a thoroughly well governed city.



There seemed to be some signal whereby the students on the platform were made aware that a professor had arrived at the remote door of entrance, for you would see them suddenly rise to their feet, strike an erect military attitude, then draw their swords.

more to come when wanted. There was also a quarto pamphlet, containing the words of the song to be sung. After the names of the officers of the feast were these words, in large type: "*Während des Kommerses herrscht allgemeiner Burgfriede.*" I was not able to translate this to my satis-



THE BRANDENBURG GATE, BERLIN.



MARIUS THE EPICUREAN.

"Thus the boyhood of Marius passed; on the whole, more given to contemplation than to action . . . already he lived much in the realm of the imagination, and became betimes, as he was to continue all through life, something of an idealist, constructing the world for himself, in great measure from within, by the exercise of meditative power."—WALTER PATER.

FROM A PAINTING BY R. ARTHUR.—BY PERMISSION OF THOMAS RICHARDSON AND CO., PICCADILLY.

LITERATURE.

THE SECRET SERVICE.

Secret Service under Pitt. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. (London: Longmans, 1892.)—"Secret Service under Pitt" is a fairly appetising title, but it is almost a pity that Mr. Fitzpatrick did not stick to his first idea, "A Lantern through some Dark Passages, with a Key to Secret Chambers." This expresses more worthily the gay and buoyant spirit of his laborious researches. Tracking spies and informers long after they have gone the way of more honest men would not seem at first sight to be a particularly noble or interesting pursuit. Who need care now by whom the United Irishmen of '93 were betrayed? With Mr. Fitzpatrick it seems to be simply the fascination of the ever-interesting game of hide-and-seek. The informers tried to hide their perfidy, often with remarkable cunning, and with him that is sufficient motive for going on their track. He has something to say about the obvious moral that conspirators must always have traitors in their ranks, and every now and then he has a word of natural honest anger at some peculiarly abominable act of treachery. But it is plain that the vermin interest him chiefly because they provide materials for the chase that his soul loves. Some of them have baffled every detective before Mr. Fitzpatrick, and to have succeeded in hunting down, at the close of a lifetime specially devoted to this particular search, the last undiscovered member of the secret gang is a real triumph.

Was it worth doing? To that we must answer that at least it has been done well and thoroughly. The chief drawback to the interest of the volume is the difficulty of following the mass of minute details. The historian's immense patience and pains in research do not always result in a proportionate gain to the reader. We need some acquaintance with Mr. Lecky or Mr. Froude to be able to follow him easily. Indeed, Mr. Fitzpatrick modestly offers his work as a supplement to these authorities. But he tells the whole story of the Conspiracy and Rebellion from his own point of view, and his gallery of scoundrels contains some really interesting portraits. The best or worst of them all is the last addition to the list, the arch-informer known in Mr. Froude's picturesque pages as "Lord Downshire's friend," who has hitherto baffled all attempts to pluck out the heart of his mystery. Mr. Fitzpatrick has at last identified him as one Samuel Turner, a gentleman of Newry, a chief of the Northern Revolutionary Committee, who died in the odour of sanctity as a patriot of the boldest type. It is naturally a great joy to Mr. Fitzpatrick, as a detective, that not a breath of suspicion rested on this man till he scented his treason. How could anyone suspect such a fire-eater as Mr. Turner seems to have been? Early in his career he won public confidence by bearding the terrorist Commander-in-Chief, Lord Carhampton, out-facing him in a flaunting green necktie, offering to fight him, and threatening to post him as a coward. Later on, when he had been for a dozen years in Government pay, we find him enrolled in the bodyguard of O'Connell, and insulting D'Esterre in order that he might fight in the Liberator's stead. What stronger proof of loyalty could a man give than willingness to risk his life for the cause? Turner was in the very innermost circle of the conspirators, acted as their envoy to Paris, and in that capacity had an interview with Talleyrand, was resident-agent of the brotherhood at Hamburg, and the intimate friend of Pamela, Lady Edward Fitzgerald, the contents of whose letter-bag he regularly divulged to his friend Lord Downshire. Mr. Fitzpatrick thinks that he may have been the original of Campbell's Exile of Erin. There was some humour in the rogue, too: one of the false names under which he corresponded with his paymasters was Richardson, a delicate little compliment to Pamela. Mr. Fitzpatrick convicts him of having betrayed Napper Tandy, the hero of "The Wearin' o' the Green," and assigns him an ample list of less distinguished victims. Mr. Froude suspected Lord Downshire's friend of being the betrayer also of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, but Mr. Fitzpatrick shows that he lacked opportunity for this, and reserves this particular infamy for another of his picturesque subjects, who died at a ripe old age, also unsuspected till this Tir-au-clair of informers took his case in hand. WILLIAM MINTO.

A NORWEGIAN STORY.

The Heritage of the Kurts. By Bjørnsterne Bjørnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Cecil Fairfax. (London: William Heinemann.)—In Norway they mean a great deal. The works of Ibsen or Bjørnson, revealed in these later years by adequate translations, must suggest this to the ordinary English reader. In England the novelist is no more than the novelist; in Norway, a man who is at once poet and dramatist, philosopher and politician, will write your story for you. Our home-made heroine wears her dress of some soft white, clinging material, and loves mildly; she is an excerpt from the present, and has no further significance. Your heroine from over seas has her little clothes, of course (Nora Helmer "always wore the simplest things"); she also has her relations with the present, and bounds seriously off the marriage problem, only to be further battered against the educational question for her children; but she is not an isolated excerpt from the present. She is illustrated by all that was hereditary in her great-grandfather; she herself is full of tragic suggestions for the future of her children's children. This is, perhaps, gloomy, although it has ceased to be necessary for a critic to say that it is putrescent garbage, or use any other nasty words about it. But gloom is not the chief characteristic of such works as "The Heritage of the Kurts." In it we have no incoherent incidents raked into three volumes by a busy lady, with the printer's boy waiting downstairs; on the contrary, each fact is an illustration of its context. It would be ridiculous to compare Bjørnson's work with anything but the best of English fiction; and even then one notes in the Norwegian a more artistic and more philosophical appreciation of context and a specially terrible and significant use of suggestion. In Norway they mean a great deal, and it seems insufficient merely to say that the Norwegian novel or drama may deal with heredity.

"The Heritage of the Kurts" is not the original title of the book: the original title is "Flags are Flying in Town and Harbour," which would certainly look large on the back of a book. The title substituted describes a part of the subject of the book; we see in it the projection of the Kurt violence, the Kurt madness, on a series of temperaments. The problems of education and morality are the remainder of the subject. If that were all, the book would not be read very much; for many people are tired of the novel with a purpose—of cold sermons and paltry incidents, with morals tied to their tails. But it is not all; there is a warm, even furious, humanity in "The Heritage of the Kurts." It is the work of a strong artist, vigorous, inexorable, full of conviction. We would not say that it is written especially for the nursery, or even for the school-room; but the adult occasionally reads, and there is no reason why he should not have his author.—BARRY PAIN.

FOOTBALL.

The Rugby Union (Football: Edited by the Rev. F. Marshall, Cassell and Co., London).—In January of the year 1871 there was a memorable meeting of Rugby football men at the Pall Mall Restaurant, in Regent Street. This was under the presidency of Mr. E. C. Holmes, the then captain of the Richmond Club, and was productive of that powerful organisation the Rugby Union. From that day the great game has thrived and flourished under a healthy control—not as a new game, but as a perpetuation of the pastime which seemed good for penalties in the eyes of the archer-loving Edward, and which remains to all time glorified in the record of the Rugby close, when old Brooke gave breath again to Tom, and young East limped lame from a field of boy heroes. The same Rugby game does Mr. Marshall and his fellows speak of, prettily and with great detail; but of a new development. "Big Side," even of twenty, has gone from us outside the old school for ever; the old heavy work of the forwards we shall hardly know again; we are all scientific, with the Blondin tactics in scrummage and the apotheosis of wing play behind. We have learnt to laud the short pass, and we are beginning to believe in four three-quarter backs, minding not that our forwards go down before old-fashioned Northerners, or that all is sacrificed to the beauty of a clever "heel-out." This can be no matter of regret to the people who come to see. The wearying scrummage is no more, for hardly do we form ere "wheeling" tactics break us up, and clever leg-work lets us rush the ball. I do not know if, in our infatuation, we should not consider Don Wauchope selfish in these times, and hardly estimate the worth of Rotherham. It is all new and brilliant, fascinating to see, and changeable, so that he who misses a season has much to learn if he plays again.

Beyond the history of the Rugby Union, this excellent book, which abounds in good photographs, has a wealth of historical record which is amazing, coupled with some well-thought consideration of debatable points which is valuable. In the former we find mention of the great things which the veterans have done since men began to write them. Here is good account of Gurdon, Rutter, Stokes, Rotherham, Don Wauchope, and a hundred others of the past, with such present powers as Jeffery, Lockwood, and Stoddart, perhaps the very finest three-quarter back that ever wore an international cap. Here, too, is written of the beginning at Oxford, and of the fight of 1884 at Cambridge when Lehmann



MR. A. E. STODDART.

battled the cause of the rowing blue before the Union and lost it: a merited defeat, for who would dare to say at this time that "footer" has not ten thousand the right to the coat that the athletic blue can ever have? Nay, and the Varsity has admitted it many times since then, and has turned to think of other things—of this ever-present wing question, and of that other great question which Mr. Budd debates, Shall we encourage the Rugby professional? His answer is a negative, and every player, who knows to the full what the professional has done for Association, will echo an Amen. Let us keep our fields free from the man who plays "per hour," and whose whole ambition is a few guineas which may be added to his salary. Then shall the old game, handed to us as a precious inheritance, flourish always as it flourishes now, and justify the production of such a vade mecum as Messrs. Cassell have brought forth. For the work does them infinite credit.

MAX PEMBERTON.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Marmorne," by P. G. Hamerton. New Edition. (Blackwood and Sons.)
- "Valentine and his Brother," by Mrs. Oliphant. (Blackwood and Sons.)
- "Told in the Verandah. Passages in the Life of Colonel Bowling, set down by his Adjutant." (Lawrence and Bullen.)
- "King Zab," by W. H. Pollock. (Henry and Co.)
- "The Railway Man and His Children," by Mrs. Oliphant. (Macmillan.)
- "A Fatal Silence," by Florence Marryat. (Griffith and Farran.)
- "Indian Fairy Tales," by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by John D. Batten. (David Nutt.)
- "Children of the Ghetto," by I. Zangwill. (Heinemann.)
- "The Bookman. Vol. II." (Hodder and Stoughton.)
- "The Jew at Home: Impressions of a Summer and Autumn spent with Him in Russia and Austria," by Joseph Pennell. (Heinemann.)
- "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," by J. McNeill Whistler. (Heinemann.)
- "Love Songs of Robert Burns," selected by Sir George Douglas. *Cameo Series.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Voltaire," by F. Espinasse. *Great Writers Series.* (Walter Scott, Limited.)
- "Selections from Sydney Smith," edited by Ernest Rhys. (Walter Scott, Limited.)
- "A Modern Romance," by Laurence Bliss. (Methuen.)
- "The Poets and Poetry of the Century: Frederick Tennyson to Arthur Hugh Clough." (Hutchinson and Co.)
- "The Poets and Poetry of the Century: Charles Kingsley to James Thomson." (Hutchinson and Co.)
- "Prior's Poetical Works." Edited by R. B. Johnson. *Aldine Edition.* Two vols. (G. Bell and Sons.)

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The opinion is gaining ground that the next Poet Laureate will be Sir Theodore Martin. The advocates of this appointment urge that it is quite impossible that the post can be even offered to Mr. Swinburne, not on account of his early verse, but because of his more recent references to the Czar of Russia. Leaving Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris out of account—either of whom has an undoubted title—it is suggested that the matter will be happily carried out of the region of literary discussion if the post is assigned to one who is a courtier first and a poet afterwards. Sir Theodore Martin is seventy-six years of age. He has written the life of the Prince Consort and a sketch of the life of Princess Alice, and has made some very fine translations from the German and Danish. His "Bon Gaultier" ballads, written in conjunction with Professor Aytoun and illustrated by one of the *Illustrated London News* artists, Alfred Crowquill, excited much attention when first published in 1856—not least because they made merry over the Laureateship.

It is stated that M. Emile Zola will probably succeed to Ernest Renan's fauteuil at the French Academy.

The brisk competition, at ever-increasing prices, for any scrap of the late Laureate's manuscript, when such appears in the auction-rooms, is evidence of its rarity, as well as a tribute to the poet's fame. The rarity is undeniable, but is not quite easily explainable; for, in his earlier days, at least, Tennyson let his manuscripts go to the four winds as soon as they were printed, and his friends were not slow to profit by his heedlessness. In 1842 Edward Fitzgerald secured a number of leaves from the old "butcher-book" which enshrined many of the poems printed in that year, and wished he had saved more when it was torn up to make a blaze in James Spedding's grate. One of the poet's oldest friends told me the fate of the MS. of "The Princess." He was staying with the poet when it was a printing. Alone in the study one night, and seeking a light for his pipe, the only wastepaper he could see was some which was sticking out of the coal-scuttle. From it he supplied his need, and on looking more closely at the bundle found it to consist of "Princess" MS., the last proofs of which had just been returned to the printer. Looking it over, he abstracted a few sheets which specially took his fancy, notably that containing "Tears, idle tears," and which now hangs framed in an honoured place. But such is the native obtuseness of man in unfamiliar circumstances, that when the poet came in and told his guest to put the whole in his pocket if he coveted the rubbish, the two made spills of a portion and returned the remainder to the scuttle!

But Tennyson was apt to be thoughtless even of his unprinted MSS. Once, while "In Memoriam" was in course of composition, giving up his London lodgings for a long spell in the country, he forgetfully left the manuscript behind him. A London friend, to whom he wrote in some agitation on discovering the possible loss, luckily found the manuscript safe in the drawer of the writing-table in which it had been left, although the room had been occupied by another lodger for some weeks. This manuscript, in the future, was better cared for than those of 1842 and 1847, for after publication it was bound and presented to the poet's friend and neighbour, Sir John Simon, from whose heirs, however, it will ultimately return, to be preserved as an heirloom in the Tennyson family.

Edward Fitzgerald once made an excellent suggestion to his and Tennyson's friend Thompson, the late Master of Trinity. It was that some of the manuscripts of Tennyson's poems, which he (Fitzgerald) had saved from the flames, should be preserved in Trinity College library along with those of Milton. Milton's would be more appropriately housed at Christ's, but at Trinity Tennyson's would be in their proper place, as Browning's at Balliol, and it is by no means too late to carry out "old Fitz's" suggestion.

No poet's manuscripts or proofs are more interesting or instructive than Tennyson's. They are a *Liber studiorum* and a *Liber veritatis* of style, and facsimiles of a few, competently selected and edited, would be a boon. But the file was resumed and sedulously worked in the preparation of each reprint, and it is to be hoped that the once-contemplated annotated edition, with *variorum* readings, may yet be accomplished. Something less than twenty years ago the project was accepted in principle by the poet, and a specimen submitted for his approval; but when he found himself confronted with the ghosts of abandoned readings he was scared, and struck out so many that nothing more was done.

His sensitiveness to criticism, whether favourable or unfavourable, has been frequently remarked upon, and not altogether wisely; for probably it was no greater than that to which all are liable who are gifted in any proportion with the artistic temperament. This kind of sensitiveness is perhaps, as a rule, distributed by nature, not in direct, but in inverse ratio to the amount and quality of the artistic leaven. But however this may be, Tennyson was always very outspoken to his intimates when he was attacked, though in mature years he did not take the world into his confidence, as he was accustomed to do in his salad days. His noble "After-thought" (*Punch*, 1846) closed that chapter. It was an apology for his share in the exchange of squirts with Bulwer Lytton, who, in "The New Timon"—now forgotten, though one of the very ablest of his productions—had called him "Miss Alfred," because of his delight in a "darling room" with two white dimity couches. The verses now appear under the title "Literary Squabbles"—

Ah God! the petty fools of rhyme

Who hate each other for a song,

And strain to make an inch of room
For their sweet selves, and cannot hear
The sullen Lethe rolling doom
On them and theirs and all things here:

And I, too, talk and lose the touch
I talk of. Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is kindly silence when they brawl.

There was but one other outburst, just twenty-one years after, when the lines "The Spiteful Letter," appeared in *Once a Week* (Jan. 4, 1868). The reply is the same lofty reminder that we are all midges—all leaves for which autumn and winter are coming. Thus it ran in the first version—

This fallen leaf, isn't fame as brief?
My rhymes may have been the stronger.
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot;
Hast but a moment longer.

Who the spiteful one may have been has not been revealed, but probably his rhymes have long been forgotten. For some special missive must have had the honour of bringing the poet's wrath to the point of ebullition, though he told an inquisitive friend at the time that he alluded to no particular letter: "I have had dozens of them from one quarter or another," he wrote, adding a fear that the verses would bring upon him a fresh downpour. Let us hope he was mistaken.—K.

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

It is not a little thing that at one and the same time we should hear of insubordination among the men in the Life Guards and of a kind of trades-union movement among the officers of the Navy. Of the two things the last-named is by far the worst, and would be even if the guilty soldiers were many—as they were not—and the erring officers few, which does not seem to be the case. No doubt these gentlemen have reason to complain of serious grievances, which have been treated with the obdurate indifference characteristic of most public departments in this country; but though this dull and grudging temper is much to blame, it is a mortification to find that any considerable body of the Queen's officers are willing to combine, trades-union fashion, for the redress of pecuniary grievances. It counts for a great deal that all such combinations are forbidden by the regulations under which naval officers take voluntary service; but there is something in the spirit and portent of this particular kind of combination which makes it singularly depressing and a grave surprise. And what an example, what a precedent for the men of the service! There is one satisfaction, however: the movement had not been carried to the point of actual organisation before it was exposed to public view; and it is highly probable that most of those who were concerned in it are by this time more regretful than persistent.

The nigger minstrels, too, must have their trades union, it seems, and the costermongers, for whom we gladly said a good word as soon as their troubles with the parish authorities began. It really does appear as if they were in need of defensive combination, which may be grudged to them all the less because they are extremely useful purveyors to a multitude of poor people. But what they are most in need of, perhaps, is a kind of guild, the first object of which should be the provision of some assurance that their commodities are stored in wholesome conditions when they are off the wheelbarrow. This we have touched upon before. The costermonger of to-day is as much improved as the modern cabman in all points of civility and conduct. Carried straight from the market to his customer's door, his wares are as fresh, and generally as good, as any the shopkeeper supplies; while the difference in price is wide enough to be of great consideration to housekeepers who are not of the poorest class. But there is the doubt as to where his unsold goods are stowed at the end of the day, and that is what cripples his industry among thousands who would otherwise avail themselves of it gladly. If the "costers" could only help themselves in this particular they would flourish exceedingly.

Published just now, the fact that Tennyson was strongly opposed to the practice of vivisection is sure to tell with great effect on popular opinion. It happened that a violent controversy on the subject began in the *Times* at about the time that Tennyson died—a controversy loaded with assertions and suggestions so painful that the most callous-hearted must have been touched by them unless fortified by unbelief. Tennyson dead, the thoughts of all the world turn to him, and it is reminded that he had the greatest horror of vivisection, from which it seems clear that he could find no reason for doubting the stories told of it, nor any sufficient palliation of the practice in whatever suffering the human race may have been rescued from in consequence of its discoveries. Therefore we may rely on it that many persons who never thought of the matter before are anti-vivisectionists to-day, while some who were inclined to dubiety doubt no longer. If we had anything to say in the matter (the controversy is still going on), we should first remark on a clashing of testimony where no such contradiction should be, since a genuine and distinct difference of opinion seems all but impossible from the nature of the case; and the difference is fundamental to the whole question. Mr. Lawson Tait is one of the most distinguished members of the surgical profession, full of knowledge and experience; and he challenges any surgeon or physician to vouch for a

single advance in curative or preventive medicine the outcome of experimentation on living animals. To him reply Sir James Paget, Sir Andrew Clark, Dr. Samuel Wilks, and Sir George Humphry, who sign their names to the following declaration: "It is hardly possible for us to name any progress of importance in surgery, medicine, or midwifery which has not been due to or promoted by this method of inquiry." Strange that such sweeping denials and assertions should be made by men from whom it does not seem possible the truth should be hid. We should next say a word in deprecation of whatever charges of "wanton" cruelty are flying about, and of all reference to the horrible delight of inflicting pain. It is probably true, but it is conceivably false, that men and animals in large numbers are saved from pain and death by the incriminated experimentalising. Whether we have any right to make these dreadful experiments at our own will and for our own benefit (with that of other animals) is an arguable question beyond doubt, but can't it be argued without insinuations of brutalism, deadness of conscience, a

inspired confidence in all who had dealings with him. Backed by industry and a wonderful capacity for organisation, these qualities sufficed. Taking his miserable people in hand when they starved in helplessness, like their fathers before them, on the borders of a sea swarming with fish, he roused them out of their apathy, got boats for them, got instruction for them, looked to roads and markets, with the result that when he died a prosperous little town was growing where he had found the most wretched of villages. Father Davis was largely helped, of course, by Baroness Burdett-Coutts unsparingly; but, with all that, no Irishman, probably, ever succeeded so well in making his fellow-countrymen help themselves: even the most despairing and apathetic of them. Roughly described, the plan was to build a boat in the Isle of Man (where they understand these things well), bring it over to Baltimore with a Manx fisherman on board for instruction, give the boat over in part ownership to as many men as formed a crew, and bid them make it their own as soon as possible by payment in instalments. Inspired by their good priest, they went to work gaily on these terms; and soon one boat after another passed into the possession of men who began without a penny or a hope. And now, besides the fishing, curing goes on, and the making of sails and nets, and all sorts of appurtenant industries, every one of which had to be taught and nursed into prosperity. Better work, or more truly beneficent than this can hardly be named.

Before this paper comes to the reader's hands, we hope the "Battersea Palace" building will be bought for purposes of popular recreation. Considering what a climate ours is for more than half the year, and considering how many thousands of people flocked to the "Fisheries" and other South Kensington exhibitions, who can doubt that a large roofed place of entertainment for the masses in towns would be a blessing, and be so esteemed? Space, light, paths for promenade among little banks of greenery, a reading-room or two, some music, innocent refreshments for the physical man and bright surroundings to enjoy them in—no more than this would be enough to round off a weary day with pleasure. The idea to work up to is a piece of roofed park, with strictly enforced rules for the exclusion of improper persons. There would be no lack of good people to arrange for gratuitous entertainments of the concert and "penny reading" order, and they would be welcome; but the first and chief provision should be a pleasant lounge.

LEANING TOWER OF SARAGOSSA.

The city of Saragossa, in Aragon, on the banks of the Ebro, is of Roman antiquity, was renowned in Gothic, Moorish, and Spanish reigns, and was, in 1809, the scene of a fierce and cruel siege by the French army, resisted with desperate valour by the townsfolk, among whom a famous heroine, "the Maid

of Saragossa," died fighting beside her lover, an artilleryman, and won for herself three fine stanzas in Byron's "Childe Harold." Saragossa is an Archbishop's see, and possesses two cathedrals, besides which edifices it till lately boasted a remarkable isolated tower, erected about the year 1504 jointly by Spanish and Moorish architects. This "Torre Nueva," as it was called though so old, standing in the Plaza de San Felipe, 275 ft. high, and of octagonal shape, with a summit balcony and brickwork galleries at different stages, had the peculiarity, similar to that of the celebrated Leaning Tower of Pisa, that its summit overhung its base at one side, in this case to a distance of 10 ft. only. There are several other leaning towers in Spain. An investigation made about thirty years ago, besides the evidence of old pictures, has proved that the Saragossa tower was not originally designed by its builders to stand out of the perpendicular line, but that its foundations had sunk, and these were repaired at that time. The tower, however, weighted at the top by a huge bronze bell in the belfry, has continued to incline further, and, being now considered dangerous, its demolition has been cautiously begun in the past summer. Tourists visiting Saragossa will no longer be enabled to ascend the 260 steps and enjoy a fine view of the city and country around.



THE LEANING TOWER OF SARAGOSSA.

vile abandonment to "passions of cruelty"? Mr. Lawson Tait may be better informed on this subject than Sir Andrew Clark and Sir James Paget, which would make all the difference in the world; but there is no reason to believe either of those gentlemen more ready to smile on "wanton cruelty" than Mr. Tait himself, or than any member of the Anti-Vivisection Society. The noblest feeling, at its highest exaltation, is no excuse for injustice!

And what little punctures may poison! A striking illustration of that often-quoted, much-neglected fact is reported from Kettering, and carries instruction enough to be worth recording. While out nutting, a young woman was stung in the face by a fly, and, after a week's suffering, died of anthrax!

When Father Davis, of Baltimore, on the south-west coast of Ireland, died last week, he left no one in his unhappy country who deserved more of honour and gratitude. A man of great benevolence, great ability, great humility, he began his long and good day's work in one of the wretchedest corners of the wretchedest kingdom; and all he had to do it with at starting was a heart to feel, a head to plan, and a character that



"MAN OVERBOARD!"

AN EGYPTIAN DOMESTIC SCENE.

Although we have been familiar for the last fifty years with the paintings in the tombs and temples of the ancient Egyptians, yet hitherto we have known nothing of the decoration of their houses. Two years ago I found some rough drawings of buildings on the walls of some houses at Kahun, of about 2500 B.C. But they were more interesting for architecture than for art. This year, however, a few pieces of wall-painting have come to light in the ruins of the palace of King Khuenaten at Tel el Amarna, of about 1400 B.C. These are excellent in quality, and, moreover, belong to that highly interesting outburst of naturalistic art which we have now learned to appreciate in the results of this year. One wall of the hall of the harem in the palace which contained the great painted pavement was preserved high enough to show the decoration. A dado of striped pattern rose about two-and-a-half feet from the ground; above that was a yellow band, with a continuous scene of figures most delicately drawn upon it. The plaster was so powdery that it was impossible to remove it, or even to trace the design; I therefore drew it in colours at once, exactly to the original scale, the paint actually dropping away while I looked at it.

At the left hand we see an open door, showing the limit of the scene in the house: the porter's little window in it is curious. Then comes a servant sweeping up the floor with a brush exactly like those still made from the split fibre of the palm-branch. To him enters the steward in haste, with his bâton, followed by the cook, who runs with the two dishes, hot from the kitchen, on little wooden stands, to be placed on the floor. The contrast between the cook and the leisurely house-servant who follows him, sprinkling the floor with

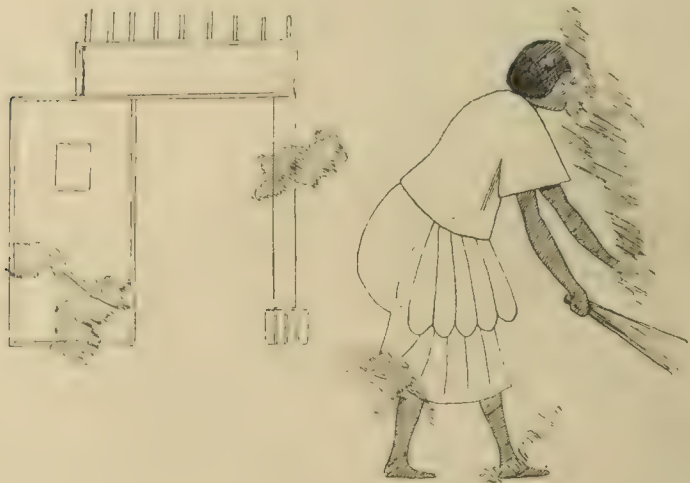
IMPRESSIONS OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

It is seven years since I was present at a Church Congress. During those years the personnel of the Church of England has undergone a very remarkable change. At least seventeen new English bishops and almost as many deans of cathedrals have been promoted to their several positions. Some of our greatest luminaries have passed away, and some active agencies on the part of the Church have either sprung into being or come into prominence. Sitting upon the various platforms or sauntering through the reception-rooms at Folkestone this year, I could not help watching and pondering and theorising and criticising—for are we not all critics now?—the appearance and the tone of the great assemblage in which I was taking part. I say appearance and tone, for I defy any man (except the Primate) to listen to the ablest and the wisest teachers in the world for eight hours a day. It is hard enough to keep seated for so long a time: to keep up the attention, to most of us, would be quite impossible. For myself, I confess I did what I saw other people doing. I looked about me when I found a weak man inaudible, chafed and fidgeted when an incompetent bore was advertising himself in feeble verbiage, pricked up my ears when a born teacher appealed to my heart and intellect at once, and now and then refreshed myself with making a sketch on the sly, or compared the dresses of the ladies old and young, and asked myself who in the world could be this or that man's tailor. In fact and in truth I looked at the men and women and studied them in those frequent intervals when, though talk was going on in its ceaseless flow, I could

clerical body and the tone which prevailed among them. It is notorious that between the two parties in the Church there is a great deal of stormy feeling, that the differences in opinion of which that strong feeling is the outcome are very marked and often very vigorously expressed, but nothing was more notable to me during the Folkestone Congress than the self-restraint put upon themselves by men who must have been deeply hurt and deeply irritated by much which they listened to without a murmur and without any uncourteous clamour of dissent. Almost the only approach to interruption which I heard was one which I myself provoked, and, perhaps, deserved. But it was surprising to note how, at all times, the audience seemed to have come together to listen and not to raise objections. Of course, there was the usual percentage of silly and worrying people who came to advertise themselves and their own fads; but it is only fair to say that there was less of this kind of thing than I have had experience of in other congresses, from the British Association downwards. Every profession has its own allowance of vulgarities, fools, and impostors, and it is always hard to keep these in their place. But looking at the clerical profession at its lowest—namely, as a mere *profession*—I do not think the clergy at Folkestone need fear comparison with other professions which I will not name.

Nothing surprised me more during the meeting of the Congress than the behaviour of the laity. Of all people in the world the most exacting and didactic in their attitude to the clergy are *churchy* laymen. No people are more well-meaning, but none are more censorious or intolerant of contradiction. From first to last throughout the Folkestone Congress the only men who behaved badly were laymen. It was not only that one person bearing a military title attempted



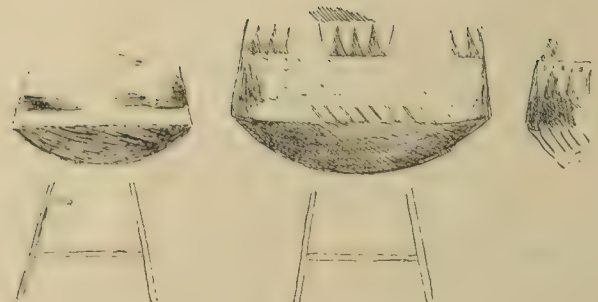
The sweeper with his palm-fibre brush.



The steward with his palm-fibre brush to see the cleaning up.



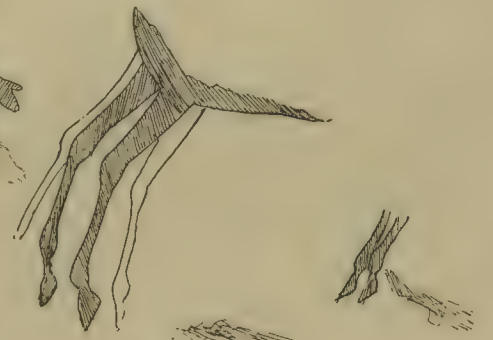
The cook rushes in, hot and wigless, with the dishes.



The great bowls of garlanded grapes standing in the hall.



The burly porter is told by the hasty turn-about messenger—



The master is coming home in his chariot.

COMIC FRIEZE FROM MR. FLINDERS PETRIE'S EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.

a jar of water, is excellent—the hot haste of the busy cook, wigless, and only wearing a kilt; the little pursed-up lips; the spring of the run with bent legs, to avoid shaking the dishes; the evident “go” of the fellow; while the soft, pleasant-faced lad, whose only duty is to dawdle about the house and sprinkle floors and do errands, follows in the most leisurely way. We next see the great bowls of grapes covered with garlands which stand near the entrance. By them is the burly porter resting his hands on his staff, to whom a hasty messenger has turned with the news that the master is coming. And just beyond, on the next side of the room, is the chariot seen approaching, which was doubtless followed by a group of the foot-runners and attendants.

We may see here some excellent principles of decoration. The two parts—indoors and outdoors—are separated by turning the corner of the room, being on two adjacent walls. The figures are put at the height of the eye for anyone sitting on a low Egyptian stool. Each figure is a complete study in itself, and yet all are combined so as to tell a continuous story. And the execution is as delicate as it could be (except in the porter and messenger, which are by a far inferior hand), as was suitable for work which stood close to the eye. Probably each figure was a portrait, with that little touch of caricature which the Egyptians so loved. We may take a lesson from this, as from much else of the varied and beautiful designs which characterise this most interesting period of art.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

The receiving days for Mr. Mendoza's next Black and White Exhibition will be Nov. 11 and 12.

The directors of the Suez Canal Company have decided to reduce the canal tolls on shipping by half a franc per ton at the beginning of next year.

The Marquis of Salisbury will contribute a paper on Constitutional Revision to the November number of the *National Review*.

not spend myself in trying to follow the foolish utterances of the foolish.

To begin with, I can have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that the Archbishop was, beyond all comparison, the most impressive personage at the Congress. In sheer intellectual power, in earnestness of manner, in simple and commanding eloquence, in dignity and the astonishing ease and grace with which he kept in hand every meeting at which he presided, the Primate stood before us as a born leader and commander of the people, and, side by side with him, the bishops were nowhere.

Looked at as a whole, and comparing the bishops of 1892 with what they were seven years ago, I cannot help thinking that the episcopate of the Church of England has suffered decline. Nevertheless, taking them as they are and as they were represented at the Folkestone Congress, they certainly justify their appointment. Even to look at, they are not insignificant specimens of mankind. The commanding physique of such prelates as the Bishops of Salisbury and Manchester necessarily adds greatly to the effect of their utterances, but I am not sure that in some cases the things said and the deep earnestness in saying them did not rather draw attention to the man who spoke than the reverse.

But when speculating about the future, and thinking over the list of prominent clergy who may reasonably be expected to occupy high positions in the Church during the next ten or twelve years, the prospect does not seem to me to be cheering. Among the clergy who were ordained from fifteen to five-and-twenty years ago, though there are one or two men of some mark, yet, taking them all in all, the generation of such clergy is characterised by mediocrity and the conspicuous absence of genius, learning, and anything like independent leadership. What may be in store for us among the younger clerics, what promise there may be in them, it is too early to say, but I am not sanguine as to our immediate future.

Looking with a critical eye upon the clergy themselves, I was much struck by one result, which I cannot but attribute in a great measure to the effect of these annual congresses. I mean the very marked improvement in the discipline of the

to break up the meeting by a gross act of rowdyism, and that another, bearing F.R.S. after his name, indulged in language which would not be borne in any London club, but that the ordinary rules of debate were set at defiance by more than one lay speaker, and the chairman's bell was treated with contempt, as if the speaker was superior to considerations of courtesy. What would be said at any time if a clergyman were to behave himself in any meeting of laymen as some laymen behaved in the meetings at Folkestone? Imagine a gathering of military men being roundly rated by a country parson and told of their neglect of duties or authoritatively instructed in the best method of drilling their battalions! But retired majors and half-pay colonels never can believe they are not qualified to lecture the clergy, and I may almost add to reform, nay, to reconstruct, the Church. These dragooners, now that their number is increasing, threaten to become a serious nuisance and something more. How many half-pay officers there may be in the House of Laymen I know not, but I should like to know how they behave themselves there.

The impression made upon me by the tone, appearance, and whole bearing of the ladies at the conference was eminently encouraging. There was very much more earnestness, sobriety, and practical wisdom among the women than they exhibited some years ago. The reports that reached me of the proceedings at that meeting from which we, the weaker sex, were excluded went to show that the social and eleemosynary work of the Church in which women are engaged is in the very best hands. Of course, there will always be affectation, self-assertion, and all those follies, weaknesses, and garrulous gabble which the dangerous gift of fluency brings with it; but when it comes to be recognised that about three women can talk well for one man who can attain to that accomplishment we shall have little to fear. Volubility will be discounted by-and-by; the question will soon come, “What has she got to say?”

For myself, I wish I had more of that happy volubility. As it is, I feel that I have a great deal more to say—the difficulty is, how to say it.

"THE LYON IN MOURNING."

BY ANDREW LANG.

To give a full and true account of "The Lyon in Mourning" would demand the space of a magazine article and more time than I have been able to bestow on the royal beast. "The Lyon in Mourning" is a manuscript collection of journals, reports of statements, letters, and so forth concerning the Jacobite cause between 1746 and 1774. The collection was made by the Rev. Mr. Forbes, a nonjuring Scotch Episcopalian, afterwards Bishop of the Orkneys. He was a devoted adherent of the Stuart line, and when the cause was ruined at Culloden he collected all possible reports of the persons concerned and all the rumours of later days, the dreams of exiles. Finally, the collection became a commonplace-book, containing, for example, the account of a tour to the Grey Mare's Tail, the cataract which flows from Loch Skene. The Bishop wrote out his commentaries in a small close hand, and bound them in ten octavo volumes. In the boards he fastened relics: a fragment of the Prince's tartan waistcoat which he discarded when disguised as a servant, a scrap of the gown and apron-strings which he wore when in the costume of a servant-maid, a shred of his Ribbon of the Garter, bits of his brogues—nay, a chip of the boat that carried him from the mainland after Culloden. The volumes are now in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, to which they were bequeathed by Dr. Robert Chambers. That genial antiquary published parts of "The Lyon" in his "Jacobite Memoirs" (1834), and he used it in his "History of the Rising of 1745." But he did not exhaust the interest of Forbes's pious and pathetic loyalty, nor of the records which the Bishop verified with really critical care. I have been able only to glance through "The Lyon," which seems to reveal nothing about the Prince's mysterious adventures between 1749, when he went from Avignon with only three attendants, and his reappearance on his father's death, in 1767. Where was he? what was he about? There exists a pamphlet, a "Letter of Henry Goring," his equerry (1750), which is a perfect little romance. The Prince goes to Strasburg, where he rescues a lovely girl from a fire, nobly turns away from her love, is nearly assassinated by a paid murderer, and is cast away on some unnamed coast under English rule. There is a tradition, hardly known, that he once passed some time in the north of Ireland: can it have been on this occasion? He then visits Denmark, Poland, and Frederick the Great. The Letter is apocryphal, but in the State Papers printed by Lord Mahon for the Roxburghe Club (1843) we find Yorke, in Paris, advising the English Government (May 4, 1749) that he has seen M. de Puyzieulx, that he avows ignorance of Charles's movements, admitting that the Prince had been at Strasburg, which so far corroborates Goring's Letter. Yorke doubts his going to Poland, the country of his mother's kindred—the Sobieskis—but believes that he is really in or near Paris. In 1750 it was said that he nearly died, but in 1783 Sir Horace Mann reports a recent conversation of the Prince with the King of Sweden in Rome. He told the King that in 1750 he visited London with Colonel Brett, inspected the Tower with a view to a *coup de main*, met fifty of his friends—including the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Westmoreland—at a house in Pall Mall, offered to lead a force of 4000 men if it could be raised, stayed a fortnight, and returned to the Continent. Could we discover the unknown, the unrecorded, adventures of the Prince, the romance would probably outdo that which is matter of history. His courage has been absurdly denied; he had at least audacity. In "The Lyon" Bishop Forbes declares that, while lurking near Loch Arkaig, Charles had been without food for thirty hours. A company of Lord George Sackville's men passed, driving cattle. Charles proposed to "lift" some of the herd under cover of night. His followers objected to the danger, whereon he declared that danger was on every side, and himself led five or six volunteers, who succeeded in the venturesome exploit. Yet Mann declares that when crossing the Serchio, after his rush from Italy to Paris before his marriage, Charles was in great danger of drowning, and "expressed the utmost fear and consternation." I had scarcely noted this when I chanced to take up a rare pamphlet in verse—"The Tempest: Being an account of a dangerous Passage from Bruntisland to Leith in a Boat called The Blessing, in Company of Claverhouse, several Gentlewomen, and a whole Throng of Common Passengers." (Edinburgh, 1681, and reprinted 1685.) The author of the poem has a stanza beginning—

Yet he whose ire hath smelt on seas of blood
Looked pale on water in its angry mood.

In the margin is printed "Claverhouse," and we are to believe that the victor of Killiecrankie, like Alan Breck and Prince Charles, was no hero in a boat. In 1755 Mann set English spies on some Scotch servants of the Prince. But they "seemed in awe of each other," would, or could, give no information about their master, and, "in their merriment, they drank the health of the Boy that cannot be found."

So much for the impenetrable mystery of Charles's unknown adventures, whereon, as far as I could discover, "The Lyon in Mourning" throws no light. On the debated question of the Prince's conduct at Culloden "The Lyon" is truly loyal. Captain O'Neil reports of him gallantly, and says that he had a horse killed under him. The Bishop adds, in darker ink, "Not true." Charles rode a grey gelding, the gift of Dunbar of Thunderton. One report says that the grey was wounded; it carried the Prince out of the fight. A groom was killed in a line with him, two hundred yards to the rear, and he was decidedly under fire, judging by the evidence of a clerk and a servant, who were within six yards of him.

There exists an account by his companion, Sir Stuart Threipland of Fingask, according to which Charles offered to rally the Highlanders and lead them himself, but was forced from the field by his officers. Oddly enough, this very account, in the very same words, appears in "The Lyon," in a mass of mixed evidence. Probably the copy in Sir Stuart's hand was made from a manuscript of Bishop Forbes's, and was not his own composition. Major Kennedy, it seems, observed dragoons from the English flanks riding out to surround the hillock on which his Royal Highness was placed. He therefore insisted on retreat. The following anecdote of Kingsburgh may be given in the Bishop's own words—

Kingsburgh informed us that when at Fort Augustus he happened to be released, one evening, in mistake for another man of the same name. When ye Irons were taken off him, he went to Sir Alexander MacDonald's Lodgings to ask his Commands for Skye. Sir Alexander happened to be abroad, but when he came in he was quite amazed when he saw Kingsburgh, and said, "Sanders, what has brought you here?" "Why, Sir," said he, "I am released." "Released!" says Sir Alexander. "How has this come about? I have heard nothing of ye matter! I do not understand it!" "As little do I know," says Kingsburgh, "how it has come about; but so it is, that I have got free." Then Alexander ordered a Bed to be made up for Kingsburgh in ye same room with himself, and when Kingsburgh (about eleven o'clock) was beginning to undress in order to go to Bed an officer came to ye Door of ye Room and asked if MacDonald of Kingsburgh was there. "Yes, Sir," said Kingsburgh, "I am here. What want you with me?" "Why," replied ye officer, "you must goe with me to Lord Albemarle, who wants to speak with you." "Then," said Kingsburgh, "I began to think within myself all was wrong with me. I begged that I might be allowed to take my Rest all night in ye place where I then was, and that in ye morning I should wait upon Lord Albemarle as soon as he pleased, and that I would give my word of honour to do as I promised, and, besides that, Sir Alexander would engage for me." "No, no," said the officer, "that will not do, Sir; these are not my orders. You must come along with me quickly."

When Lord Albemarle did see Kingsburgh (for he had meant to release another MacDonald) his eloquence was florid.



MEMORIAL WINDOW IN CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS
TO THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P.

But he repented on second thoughts, and sent his prisoner excellent dinners from his own table. Mr. Chambers prints a different version, according to which Kingsburgh did not make off, when released, for fear of injuring the officer who had made the blunder of setting him free. The cheery stoicism of Kingsburgh is a light in a very gloomy picture.

One more anecdote, and I must close "The Lyon." The curious tale of the "Sobieski Stuarts" is that Admiral Allen, of the family of Hay of Errol, carried Charles's son, their father, to England, as a baby, about 1773-74. The Admiral was then captain of an English ship of war. Was he the captain of the following story of the Bishop's?—

Lately a Scots Gentleman, Son of a noble Family, and Captain of a Ship of War in Britain, happening to be at R—, chanced to see the *fairist* FAIR [Charles's wife], whom he admired greatly. "But," said he, "I had rather see the husband!" "O!" said one in the company, "You may see him if you will go with me to-night to the Opera!" Done accordingly. No sooner was the Scots Gentleman seated than the husband, happening to turn his eye to that corner, said to one in his company, "I will lay any wager that the gentleman in such a box is a Scotsman!" "How is it possible for you to know that?" "From his Face, though I am sure I never saw him before." To make sure work on't, he made up to the gentleman and begged Leave to ask him a civil Question. "You are extremely welcome, Sir." "Are not you a Scots Gentleman?" "Yes, Sir, I am." Then, pointing to one at some Distance: "Is that your Servant?" "Yes, Sir, he is." "How long has he been with you?" "For several years. He was in our Family before I could have any Use for him." "I think I knew him: I can recollect his Face." "It is impossible! How can that be, as he was never out of Britain till he came abroad with me?" Then, turning to the servant: "Pray, Friend, did you not deliver a Letter to me at Falkirk on such a day?" "Yes, Sir, I had the Honour so to do." This made the Captain all attention and astonishment. After this, addressing the Captain once more, he asked if he knew such and such Families, and made particular Inquiry about their Welfare. The Captain said he knew them all very well, and that they were all in good Health when he left Scotland. This singular interview sunk so deep into the mind of the Captain that he wrote the whole of it to his Mother, much in the same terms with the above; telling Her that as he knew their Family had an attachment to —, he thought such an Intelligence and Narrative would not prove disagreeable.

All this makes good what John Rattray, Surgeon, used to say of the Husband, "that he was one of the greatest discernment he had ever conversed with, for that he never saw a Face but what he could know and recollect afterwards at First Sight."

Now, here the dates fit. Correspondents of Forbes assure him that the Countess of Albany expects a child, and Mann, in the State Papers, places Charles at Siena (where the child is said to have been born) just about the time when the Captain made the Prince's acquaintance. Here is an undesigned coincidence for believers. I wish I had room for the account of the stately salutations, in Rome, between Charles and the Duke of Gloucester, of the rival house. But it must be enough to hope that so curious a collection as "The Lyon in Mourning" may soon be put out of danger by being printed.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Churchmen and Dissenters alike are occupied in thinking over the proceedings at their recent Congresses. The Church Congress is pronounced a very fair success. The attendances at nearly all the meetings were remarkably good. Perhaps the discussions on temperance and vivisection were the most remarkable. "Moderate drinkers" are evidently coming forward to take up the work which they maintain total abstainers have largely failed in—the diminution of the temptations to drink in this country—and their tone is distinctly bolder. Thus, the brilliant Dean of Rochester protested "in memory of an innumerable company of Christian men and women who have died in the faith, 'whose souls are with the saints, we trust,' and who have never heard of teetotalism; in the name of an innumerable company of Christian men and women who are trying to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, who believe in temperance but not in teetotalers," against "the intolerance and extravagance of certain extreme partisans." He went on to say that he believed if they could they would eliminate the word wine from the Bible, and would have us read that "the good Samaritan poured on oil and water and took the poor wounded Jew to a temperance hotel." There were loud expressions of dissent at this.

It is doubtful whether the subject of vivisection was one suitable for discussion at the Congress. It is not purely ethical; much depends on facts that can hardly be known save to experts. Mr. Victor Horsley carried the audience very largely with him; and Miss Cobbe's practical admission of the errors he charged against her book will much increase the influence of a speech which, in the absence of her reply, seemed too violent. Bishop Barry was, for him, unusually weak, and his ethical propositions did not command the assent even of all the bishops. Miss Cobbe pleads that she did not compile her own book. Was it right to give her name and authority to facts she had not verified? I write as one who has some sympathies with the anti-vivisection cause, and who feels that this exposure has done it almost irreparable harm.

The sermons preached on Tennyson have been, as a rule, commonplace enough, and perhaps an exception can hardly be made for that preached before the University of Cambridge by Mr. Westcott, the Head Master of Sherborne. It was heard with interest, however, on account of Tennyson's connection with Cambridge, and the fact that Mr. Westcott is the son of the Bishop of Durham, of whom Cambridge is so justly proud. Mr. Westcott spoke of "how his peerless music of words enrapt us, how his grace and versatility enchanted us, how his noble ideal of friendship, so resolutely cherished, uplifted us; how his unswerving devotion to all that is pure and bright and good ennobled us." It is well known that Bishop Westcott has ever been a devoted student of Browning.

Great sympathy is felt in Cambridge for Professor Robertson Smith, the famous Orientalist, who has just undergone (for the second time) a painful operation. In spite of obvious physical suffering, Dr. Smith has held with characteristic courage to his work. Happily, he has borne the operation well, and there is a hopeful prospect of his complete restoration.

The "scene" which took place at the Congregational Union in connection with Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., is much regretted by Nonconformists. A minister charged Mr. Hardie with saying that Christianity was dead, and that he was glad of it. Mr. Hardie said that he spoke of the Christianity of the schools, whereupon the minister staked his reputation that Mr. Hardie did not use the qualifying phrase. Mr. Hardie, much irritated, gave his mind on Churches, and was met by angry interruptions, and ultimately shouted down. But it turns out that the minister was wrong and Mr. Hardie right. A very insufficient apology has been offered, but not accepted. Hitherto Mr. Tillett, Mr. Tom Mann, and Mr. Keir Hardie have maintained a connection more or less strong with Congregationalism, but it is probable this will now be permanently broken.

The Bishop of St. David's, in his visitation "charge" to the clergy, comments on the Tithe Act, which is not, he says, altogether satisfactory to everybody, but reasonable men are pleased because it is unsatisfactory to political agitators. It was intended to secure the rights of tithe-owners, whether lay or clerical, a very large amount of tithe going to hospitals, schools, colleges, and other non-ecclesiastical corporations; in one parish the tithes were spent in keeping up the roads, in another on the approaches to a bridge. On the whole, this measure had worked well, and tithes in the affected districts had been better paid since it became law. The Bishop deplored the excesses of party spirit and the deterioration of political life in these latter years.

The Bishop of Carlisle, at an annual conference of the clergy and Church laity of his diocese, stated that Cumberland ranks among the English counties one of the very highest for the proportion of children in the Church day-schools and their average attendance. There was no reason for surrendering these schools, as the recent Act gave facilities for grouping two or three together, with a common fund, and there was in this diocese an association which could act as a School Board. He regretted the number of miserably poor livings for the clergy there; in all England two or three thousands benefited clergymen had under £150 a year; the demands upon them were greater than ever.—V.

MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THE LATE
RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P.

As a memorial of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith, who was born in Westminster, and was long M.P. for Westminster, the two stained-glass windows in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, unveiled at a special religious service on Oct. 5, with an address by the Bishop of London, seem an appropriate local tribute; the more so, perhaps, for the deceased worthy citizen and statesman's cordial attachment to the Church of England. These windows, the work of Messrs. Lavers and Westlake, are placed on the south side of the building, with a similar inscription under each. One represents Christ, after His resurrection, seated at table and "breaking bread" with the two disciples at Emmaus. The other, placed above, contains a figure of St. Luke, and is situated between the Queen's Jubilee window, which displays the figure of St. John, and that representing the Saviour, which was contributed in memory of the late Vicar, Prebendary Humphry. These windows are well in harmony with each other.



KITTEN LIFE AT THE CAT SHOW.



"A FAKIR'S FUNERAL, INDIA."—AFTER E. L. WEEKS.

IN THE SALON DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES, 1892.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

May I direct the attention of my readers to the Selborne Society, which appears to me to offer to all lovers of nature a means for intercommunication and for mutual instruction and study of hitherto unequalled kind? The gentle spirit of Gilbert White seems to have descended upon the founders of the society which bears the name of his residence, for their aims are these: The protection from unnecessary destruction of wild birds, animals, and plants; the protection of places and objects of antiquarian interest or natural beauty; the promotion of the study of natural history. All particulars as to membership may be obtained from the Secretary of the Selborne Society, 9, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C. I may add that the society issues a monthly magazine of natural history called *Nature Notes*, which I find to be a bright and cheerful publication, adapted to encourage the love of nature, and the study of living nature particularly. The magazine is edited by Mr. James Britten, F.L.S., of the British Museum, a well-known botanist, and an excellent staff of contributors assists the editor in his work. Having recently been enrolled as a member, I write as an interested person and as one desirous of giving to all students of natural history an opportunity of knowing what is being done in the way of observation and research.

Some years ago, being interested as a naturalist in the sounds produced by animals, I wrote an article (reprinted in my book entitled "Studies in Life and Sense") on "Songs without Words." Darwin, of course, had made clear to us the meaning of the sounds, often musical, which many animals emit. They are mostly love-ballads, or serenades, facilitating the work of animal courtship, as did the troubadour's song of old. The males, as a rule, are the musical performers; and whether it is the death-watch rapping his head on wood to draw the attention of his mate, or the frog croaking in the ditch, or a bird with its flood of melody, the original purport (and the actual and present use as well) of the "Lieder" is the attraction of the fair sex—an analogy, not entirely lost, I may add, when we approach the human estate itself. Science, I need hardly say, is always receiving additions to its stores of knowledge; so that a paper or article written fully up to date to-day will be found a year or two hence to be behind the times in respect of recent information and of the newest and freshest details.

In this matter of "songs without words," I note an interesting addition to our knowledge made by Dr. A. Alcock, Surgeon-Naturalist to the Marine Survey of India. In his last report, Dr. Alcock specially mentions a red crab (an oecypode) common on all the sandy coasts of India. This crab possesses on its nipping-claws a finely toothed ridge, which can be brought in close contact with another toothed surface of similar nature. If the one-toothed ridge is made to play against the other, the resemblance (a rough one, I admit) between a fiddle and the bow becomes clear enough; the bow, as is pointed out in the case of the crab's "nipper," being much larger than the instrument itself. It seems that this arrangement of affairs long ago suggested that it might be used for the purpose of producing sounds. The grasshopper's chirp is produced by the rubbing together of similar surfaces, and is thus not "voice" at all, in the common acceptance of the term. Naturalists apply to such insect-arrangements the name of "stridulating" apparatus; and so it was suggested that the red oecypode Indian crab might similarly use its nippers for the purpose of producing sounds.

Dr. Alcock confirms this suggestion. He says that if a crab is pushed into the burrow of a neighbour, the uninvited guest himself resents his forced entry, and will, apparently, in crab language, adopt my friend Mr. J. L. Toole's expression in "Paul Pry," and say, "I hope I don't intrude!" At least, he remains near the entrance of the burrow, as if deprecating the cruel fate which has made him an unwelcome visitor, breaking all the laws which regulate polite crab society. The host or owner of the burrow behaves himself in an equally characteristic fashion. He brings his "voice" to bear on the situation, and scrapes a remonstrance on his nippers. If the intruder is free to depart, he goes at once. But if the unwelcome guest is made to stay in the burrow, "more will be heard of the matter," as a solicitor's preliminary letter is wont to say. The proprietor of the burrow gets to work, fiddling hard with his nippers, and increases his plaint, until the sounds he emits become loud and fierce, their resonance being increased by the situation of the fiddler in his hole. Here we seem to see the stridulating apparatus acting, not as a love-call (though that may also be part of its work), but as a warning to let other crabs know a particular burrow has been already taken possession of. This is Dr. Alcock's opinion. Other crabs are prevented from entering by the warning note of the occupier. I fancy, however, this may be only a secondary use of the crab's fiddle. Its primary use, I doubt not, is to act as a call of the males to their mates.

By-the-way, on the nippers of the Norway lobster (*Nephrops*), the brilliantly coloured red-and-white little lobster one often sees in the fishmongers' shops, there are toothed surfaces in plenty. Do these act also as stridulators? It may be difficult to answer this question, for the Norway lobster is a deep-sea form. Our aquaria should have been able to supply an answer to this and to many other similar queries, but, alas! aquaria have gone the way of all unsuccessful things, regarded, at least, from the scientific standpoint. I never enter the Aquarium at Brighton without a feeling of regret that a big chance has been missed of popularising natural history. It is the same at the Crystal Palace, and I suspect a like opinion may be expressed of every other aquarium in the country. Each of these establishments has become simply a nucleus for other entertainments, from theatricals to thought-reading and from shooting galleries to the "vanishing lady." The decay of the aquarium is to be regretted, for there were great possibilities involved in its proper development. The argument I will be met with here is that which will inform me that as an aquarium "it didn't pay." Very good; but did any body of directors ever take the trouble to try to make it pay on its original lines? I never heard of any such experiment; therefore, I reject the "didn't pay" argument. What I should have advised (and what I did advise, in one case at least) was the delivery of an afternoon and evening popular lecture, fully illustrated by limelight views, on subjects which could afterwards be studied by aid of the tanks. What was wanted was a really competent popular lecturer, a good series of limelight views, and a curator (who might have been the lecturer as well) to give a description of the tanks. I shall never forget the eagerness with which, on one occasion, a small party of excursionists listened to the description of the octopus I was giving to a friend in front of a tank at the Brighton Aquarium. I use that experience (and others) as an argument in favour of the idea that aquaria would have paid had there been any attempt made to tell people plain facts about the life of the creatures they saw but did not understand.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F. BENNETT (Brisbane).—We should very much like to publish one of your problems, but both are below our standard. The three-mover is decidedly weak; the two-mover might do if we had not so many better ones on hand.

C. T. BLANCHARD.—Your problem is marked for insertion if no faults are found on further examination.

R. KELLY (of Kelly).—No elaborate a position as your last contribution needs a very careful criticism, but we hope to find it sound.

P. H. WILLIAMS.—Your new problem will do very well, and it shall appear in due course.

F. SMART.—1. Q to K5th brings about another solution to No. 1, and No. 2 is also defective by 1. Kt to K4th, P takes R; 2. Kt mates.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 234 received from P. A. HOLST (Japan); of No. 237 from A. H. B. and C. M. A. B.; of No. 238 from A. H. B.; of No. 239 from A. W. Hamilton (Glen Exeter), Emile Frau (Lyons), R. N. (Cardiff), B. D. K., Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and D. Millar (Penzance); of No. 253 from J. A. Challice, Blair H. Cochrane (Clewes), B. D. K., Captain J. A. Challice, L. Schult (Vienna), and A. H. B.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 253 received from R. W. Wooters (Canterbury), H. B. Hurford, E. Louden, T. Roberts, G. T. Hughes (Waterford), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), C. E. Perugini, B. D. K., Emile Frau, G. Joicey, Julia Short (Market Drayton), E. E. H., Matfield, Sorrento (Bawlish), C. M. A. B., Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), David Millar, Z. Ingold (Frampton), J. Hall, Blue, L. Schult, John McRobert (Down), John G. Grant, Dr. F. St. Blair H. Cochrane, L. Jessures, Walter W. Hooper (Plymouth), Columbus, Admiral Brandreth, J. E. Moon, Joseph Willcock (Chester), W. R. Baillem, T. G. (Ware), W. P. Hind (Seaford), H. S. Brandreth, R. H. Brooks, W. R. B. (Plymouth), Martin F. W. Wright, A. T. Froggatt, A. Newman, W. Guy, jun. (Johnstone, N. B.), Shadforth, P. J. Knight, Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), J. C. Ireland, Alfred Fortamps (Brussels), Dawn, and Alfred Costellain, jun. (Bath).

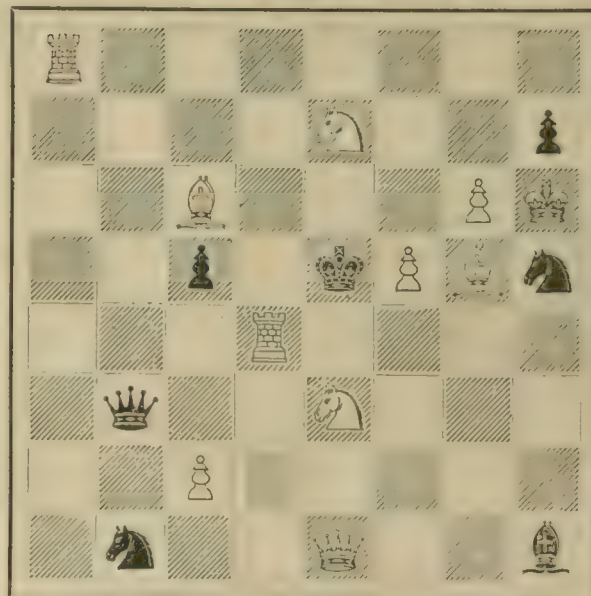
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2529.—By B. W. LA MOTHE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K7th. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2533.

By FRED THOMPSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Game played between Messrs. G. W. BLYTHE and H. D. O'BORN.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. O.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. O.)
1. P to K4th	P to K4th	17. R takes R	R takes R
2. P to K B4th	P takes P	18. R takes R	P to K4th
3. Kt to K B3rd	P to K Kt4th	19. Q takes B P	Kt to B sq
4. B to B4th	B to K2nd	20. Q takes Kt P	R to K sq
5. Castles	P to Q3rd	21. Kt to K4th	P takes P
6. P to Q4th	B to K3rd	22. Kt to K3rd	P takes P
P to K B3rd is the usual move made at this stage of the game.			
7. B takes B	P takes B	R to K8th (ch), Kt covers. P to Q6th should still have won.	
8. Kt takes Kt P		23. P takes P	B takes P
A sacrifice which, though scarcely sound, affords a strong attack for the time being.			
9.	Q takes Kt	24. Kt to B5th	R checks
10. Q to Q3rd	Q to K Kt3rd	25. K to R2nd	B to K4th (ch)
11. Kt to Q2nd	P to Q R3rd	26. P to K Kt3rd	K to R sq
12. P to R3rd	P to Q R3rd	27. Q to B8th	Q to B2nd
13. Kt to Q2nd	Q to K Kt3rd	28. Q to R8th	R to K6th
14. R to B2nd	Kt to Q4th	Very weak. B takes P (ch), K takes B, Q to K3rd (ch), K to B4th, Q to B3rd, and Black should win even now.	
P to Q4th would have given Black the better game.			
15. Q to R K B sq	R to B2nd	29. K to Kt2nd	R to Q6th
Utterly useless and a loss of time. Why not K takes B, R takes Kt, R takes B, R takes R, R to K B sq, with a clearly won game?			
16. Q to B4th	R takes B	30. Kt to K3rd	B to K B3rd
Kt to Kt3rd, dislodging the Queen, followed by Kt takes B, seems too obvious to overlook.			
17. P takes Kt		31. Kt to K Kt4th	Q takes P (ch)
In a few more moves Black resigned.			

CHESS IN TIFLIS.

Game played between Prince DADIAN and Mr. A. DE SMITHEN.

(Savito Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. De S.)	BLACK (Prin. D.)	WHITE (Mr. De S.)	BLACK (Prin. D.)
1. P to K4th	P to K4th	12.	Kt to K B3rd
2. P to K B4th	P takes P	13. Q to Q3rd	R to Kt sq
3. Kt to K B3rd	P to K Kt4th	14. Kt to K sq	P to B6th
4. B to B4th	P to Kt5th	A grand move, well followed up, "All the remainder is in high style, and very chessy."	
5. Kt to K5th	Q to R5th (ch)	15. B takes B	Q takes R P
6. K to B sq	P to Kt6th	16. R takes Q	P takes R
7. Kt to K B3rd	Q to R4th	17. Q to R3rd	P to R8th (Q) (ch)
8. P to Q4th	B to R3rd	18. K to B2nd	Kt takes P (ch)
9. Kt to B3rd		19. K to K3rd	Q takes B (ch)
Good, if correctly followed up. But K to Kt sq, threatening P takes P, with an attack on Q, seems more to the purpose. This becomes clearer at a subsequent stage.			
10. Kt to Q5th	P to Q3rd	20. K to Q3rd	Q to Q7th (ch)
11. Kt takes P (ch)	K to Q sq	21. K takes Kt	R to K sq (ch)
12. Kt takes R		22. K to Q5th, and Black mates in three moves.	

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Tennyson, the most characteristic poet of a wonderful, changeable century, through whom its novel influences of thought, science, and social transition were transmuted into music as are the breezes playing through an Æolian harp, touches in many of his writings, and with full sympathy and the poetic intuition which is equivalent to the prophet's foresight, upon the position of our sex. "The Princess," with its half-jesting story and its undercurrent of serious, sympathetic teaching, was a contribution as full of insight as of beauty to the "woman question" discussion. To me, no summing-up in few words of the essentials and the highest ideals of our position could be more complete and satisfactory as a whole than that beautiful passage near the end of "The Princess" which begins—

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:

If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?

As far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aiding her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down.

And on to the final aspiration for and vision of a better future. "May these things be!" I have recited this passage to a hundred audiences, ranging in class and culture from Oxford undergraduates in one of their debating clubs to Scotch miners in the schoolroom of a wild village, and never without the same effect—a hushed, entranced silence, the ear captivated and the thought captured—the beauty of the ideal of the sex relation in its highest social and moral possibilities combining with the singular sweet music of the sound to lift the listeners' minds to a higher plane of thought and feeling than the common. Tennyson's influence, I repeat, is as strongly felt by the ignorant and rough as by the refined and thoughtful. Moreover, all his pictures of womanhood are charming: touched with chivalrous and generous feeling, even when the woman is drawn not perfect, as in the case of Guinevere—and more often she is humanly perfect (like Dora, Annie, Elaine, Enid, and so many more), just sufficiently tinged with some failing or weakness to be a live creature and not a lay figure. How truly and tenderly, too, he was the Laureate of a woman Sovereign! A leaf from the hand of women may well mingle in the chaplet on his honoured tomb.

"The Victoria Library for Gentlewomen" seems to me to be coming to the ground between the two stools of the useful and the elegant. The new volume on "Gardening," by Mrs. Chamberlain and Mrs. Douglas, is certainly an unsuccessful hybrid of literature and utility. About a third of it is devoted to elegant extracts from the poets on the subject of one after another of the various flowers mentioned: extracts too brief to be agreeable reading, while they occupy the space in which practical information might have been expected to be afforded. The authors, however, seem unable to keep to their legitimate subject. A paragraph is introduced complaining of "manufacturers who strew our path with descriptions of pianos that will all but play themselves; genuine Cremonas to be had for an old song; cheap paint-boxes that look so attractive; futile appliances in gimcrack caskets." How, my reader will say, is that sentence introduced into a work on gardening? Why, it is not introduced at all; it finds the door open, as it were, and wanders in promiscuously—and so many other remarks of a similarly incongruous kind! Mrs. Chamberlain is an authority on horticulture, and would, I feel sure, have produced a practical and serviceable book but for the misleading influences of the smart cover and fine title of the series to which she was to contribute. As it is, there are many thoroughly practical, original, and useful hints.

Children's clothes are pretty to look at when they are nicely designed, but the task of finding the happy mean between the over-smart and the dowdy is not quite an easy one. There is always waiting at the fond mother's elbow the tempter, who urges her to think only of how to make her little ones picturesque and pretty; this is so easily done with the young fresh faces and the lithe slender figures that we are all apt to set to work to perform the pleasant task for our own visual delight. But the children's interests demand that far more anxious attention shall be given to ease and freedom than to smartness. The soft bones, the tender flesh, the form developing here and there at unexpected places and with mushroom-like rushes into growth, demand before all things absolute absence of constriction and pressure. To allow this, and yet not to have a dowdy *tout ensemble*, is a matter which needs some art. Fortunately, the fashion lends itself in the present day to the happy accomplishment of the dual object. The over-long-skirted frocks, with high waists coming just where the delicate short ribs are situated, that have lately been introduced for very little, toddling girls must be barred from praise. But the prevailing style for girls, loose at the waist, depending from the shoulders, and just long enough to well cover the knees when sitting, with smartness given by the full sleeves and the trimming of one kind or another, is an ideal costume for children.

Messrs. Swears and Wells, of Regent Street, whose specialty is dress for boys and girls, are the makers of some good models, just produced. A particularly smart frock coat is a Princess coat of shot-and-striped velvet, the colours being dark blue and bronze-green. It has a skirt visible in front, and a deep turn-down collar, both of fawn cloth, embroidered in various harmonising shades with silk; and there is a folded vest of fawn silk, very slightly gathered across the chest and at the waist, to indicate the shape. Another frock is of myrtle-green cloth and grey fur. There is a plain yoke and a skirt set full into it, the join being covered with a strap of fur; the fur also makes a collar, and finishes the tight cuffs, into which the full-topped sleeves are set. Such dresses as these, with warm Princess shape petticoats of flannelette underneath, can be worn out of doors for some time longer. When a coat must be added, a loose one with a cape is most fashionable and convenient. One such, at the same house, is of dark red lamb's-wool cloth, the coat semi-fitting, and finished with two deep capes and a turn-down collar of the same, edged with astrachan. Another little mantle of pale-brown cloth has full sleeves, set into tight cuffs trimmed round with a chenille and silk passementerie in the same colour. The gathered cape reaches to the waist, and is edged with the same trimming. Perhaps the prettiest model is a loose blouse-like coat in grey cloth, double-breasted, buttoning up the left side, and slightly gathered in to the waist by a loose-shaped band; it has double sleeves, the over ones being very full and slit up nearly to the shoulder, with the opening trimmed round. The trimming consists of an edging of grey astrachan and bands of narrow grey braid; these trim along the edge where the fastening buttons are, round the band of the waist, thence to the foot of the coat and all round the bottom of it, and also up the slits in the top sleeves. Altogether this is a very distinguished and yet not too smart garment for a girl of ten to fourteen.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Hollier has long since acquired a unique reputation for his platinotype reproduction of pictures, and long before his name was known among the general public his services were in request among artists, who recognised the truth and beauty of his process. The exhibition of Mr. Hollier's work, now on view at the Dudley Gallery of the Egyptian Hall, is thus in some sense a review of the artists' work of the last quarter of a century, putting out of the question the pictures by Reynolds, Hobbema, George Morland, and a few others, who come to testify that Mr. Hollier's work is applicable to ancient as to modern works of art. In fact, there is scarcely anything more effective in the whole exhibition than Morland's "Stable Scene" (4), with the bright light falling upon the glossy coats of the horses. Two "Holy Families" by Botticelli (one from the National Gallery and the other Lord Battersea's), Velasquez's "Admiral" (50), and a man's portrait by Rubens are also conspicuous by their excellence.

To the majority of visitors, however, the series of reproductions from the works of Dante Rossetti, Mr. Burne-Jones, and Mr. G. F. Watts will be the most attractive; and to those who regard two, at least, of this trio as greater draughtsmen than colourists the translation of their works through the medium adopted by Mr. Hollier will enhance their beauty. Among the many successes achieved it is difficult to single out any special names, but "Dante's Dream," the "Story of Orpheus"—a set of designs for a piano—and "Love and Death," to mention specimens of the three artists already named, can scarcely be too highly praised. Mr. Watts's work as here reproduced treated by this process looks especially well, and his series of portraits, which might be taken as illustrative of the history—literary and political—of the last half-century, deserves a place in all the public galleries of this country and the Colonies.

The rival salons of the Champs Elysées and the Champ de Mars have been treated with judicial impartiality by Messrs. Goupil, who have reproduced in a portable form and with great care some of the most characteristic works at the two exhibitions. In looking through this attractive album, published by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co. with either the English or French text, one cannot fail to be struck by the influence which German art is exercising upon French artists, notwithstanding the patriotism of the latter, as shown in the matter of the Berlin Exhibition. This revulsion towards the stricter theories of the Munich and Vienna schools is not to be regretted, for among some of the rising Frenchmen the disregard for detail was becoming too notorious. Happily the best of the landscapists have established too firmly the canons of their art, and it is sufficient for them to persevere on the lines on which they have founded their reputation.

Among the names less known on this side of the Channel who distinguish themselves by their truthful renderings of nature should be mentioned Muenier, Friant, Perret, and Moutte, who promise to take a high place among contemporary artists. Another interesting feature of the Salons which this publication brings forcibly into notice is the revival of religious art, of which M. Jean Béraud's "Descent from the Cross" is one of the most striking examples. Military subjects will retain their popularity so long as such artists as Moreau of Tours, Delort, and Bloch devote their talents to

this branch; while figure-painting in France owes its strength and variety to the persistence with which French artists apply themselves to studying from the living model. The publication, in which the works of the artists are carefully reproduced, is enhanced in value by a discriminating appreciation of their aims and tendencies, furnishing a useful guide to those who, at a distance, wish to know something of the new-comers in painting and sculpture.

The late Mr. G. Cavendish Bentinck, whose furniture when sold at Christie's last year realised such extraordinary prices, was an omnivorous collector, as his houses at Branksea, or Brownsea, Island and in Grafton Street bore witness. Most of the beautiful and quaint things have been dispersed over the two continents, but there still remain at Branksea Island, near the mouth of Poole Harbour, some valuable specimens of early Italian stone and marble work. In the gardens of the house, which was a vast museum and picture gallery in Mr. Bentinck's lifetime, were a number of carved capitals of various periods and nearly a score of those beautiful well-heads, or *fonti*, round which Italians of all times have loved to linger and gossip—most of the latter being of Verona or other marble, and belonging to the best period of the early Renaissance. These undoubted works of art are, we understand, to be disposed of, and it is to be hoped that the resources of the South Kensington Museum will enable the authorities there to become possessors of a portion at least, while other provincial museums would do well to acquire specimens of a work which has found many copyists but few creators.

The attack of the Peiwar Kotal, one of the most stirring incidents of our recent Indian frontier wars, found a clever interpreter in Mr. Vereker M. Hamilton, whose picture at Burlington House last year attracted more attention than is usually accorded to battle-pieces. It was not only that Goorkhas and Highlanders mingled with the hill-tribe troops were picturesque subjects for a painter, but the artist seemed on this occasion to bring before the spectator an unexaggerated idea of the way in which combatants meet on the battle-field, and how our troops—British and Indian—strive in generous rivalry to uphold our prestige. The fight on the steep slopes of the Kotal, moreover, was one of the many brilliant achievements in the Afghan campaign of 1878-80, which opened by forcing the passage of the Kuram Valley. Mr. Hamilton has now taken advantage of the Goupil process to reproduce his picture in a form and size which will render it attractive to all who appreciate pictures which tell their own story and keep alive the best traditions of our soldiers. The figures are full of energy and movement, and the scene, although well filled, is neither confused nor obscured by the smoke of the battle which is raging along the hillside.

For some time Cambridge has held a monopoly of lady lecturers on Greek art—Miss J. E. Harrison and Miss Sellers, the pioneers in this road, being both graduates of that University. Oxford is now represented by Miss Penrose, of Somerville Hall (a daughter of the well-known architect of that name), who is now lecturing on Greek vases at the British Museum; while Miss C. A. Hutton will follow with a course on the Greek sculptors, which will be delivered in the sculpture galleries of that institution.

LAMB'S "REJECTED ADDRESS."

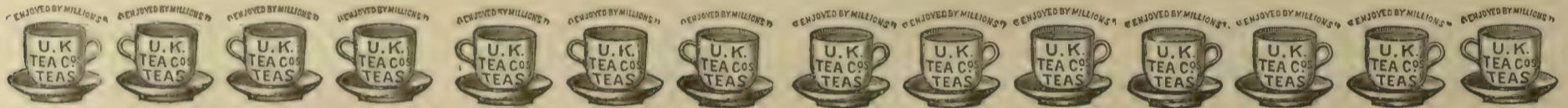
Never were poets, even minor poets, more scurvily treated than were the rhymers of 1812 by the Drury Lane Committee. Forty-three of them—this number must have been far below the full strength of the battalion—sent in "Addresses" (each enclosing a Phoenix) to be spoken at the reopening of the theatre on Oct. 10. The one selected as best was to be declaimed and rewarded by a purse of guineas, and all Grub Street was agog. In all honour, the "best" should have been held to mean "the least bad"—even the unfriend of the minor poet, the scornful *Quarterly*, admitted that—but the committee tossed the whole forty-three into the waste-paper basket, and called in Lord Byron. Some of the rejected were foolish enough to justify the committee's taste, if not the behaviour it prompted, by exhibiting their Phoenixes in a volume for the fourpenny boxes entitled "The Genuine Rejected Addresses"; but the happiest result of the famous competition was the "Rejected Addresses" which were not genuine—our classic volume of parodies, the only pillory in which the victims showed uniformly smiling faces.

Among the forty-three (but not among the minority who appealed to Cæsar), as I have recently discovered, was Charles Lamb! There is a large gap in the series of his printed letters just about this period, and I believe no allusion to the fact occurs in the correspondence. I was not altogether unprepared for the little discovery, for at least one critic of Coleridge's "Remorse" had hinted broadly his suspicion that the prologue thereto was nothing but "a Rejected Address." To this, however, I had paid little heed, thinking it very possible that the critic of the *Theatrical Inquisitor* of February 1813 might have been merely trying to say rather than to think out something smart. His scent was keener, however, than he himself may have been aware of, for I find his suspicions fully confirmed by this memorandum, written by Coleridge on the margin of the prologue—"A rejected Address which poor Charles was restless to have heard. I fitted him with an Epilogue of the same calibre with his Prologue, but I thought it would be going a little too far to publish mine."

It should be mentioned that "Remorse" was produced at Drury Lane in January 1813, but three months after the reopening of the theatre about which so much fuss was made; and when one thinks of it, nothing could be more natural than that Lamb should have taken his chance in the competition for the committee's reward. He was always ready, perhaps even eager, to write prologues and epilogues for his friends who, more lucky than himself, had need of such ware, and the chance of the guineas would not render the occasion less attractive. His feeling of disappointment at the decision of the committee which engulfed him in a common dust-bin with all the muffs about town must have been keen, and one readily imagines the equally keen delight he took in getting the better of the enemy, a delight which must have been heartily shared by his confederate, Coleridge.

I am afraid the true text of Lamb's "Rejected Address," even as modified for use as a prologue, has not come down to us. This is how the severe and suspicious *Inquisitor* describes it and its twin brother the epilogue—

The Prologue and Epilogue were among the most stupid productions of the modern muse; the former was, in all probability, a Rejected Address, for it contained many enigmisms on the beauty and magnificence of the "dome" of Drury; talked of the waves being not quite dry, and expressed the happiness of the bard at being the first whose muse had soared within its limits. More stupid than the doggerel of Twiss, and more affected than



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From the "LADY'S PICTORIAL," August 27, 1892.

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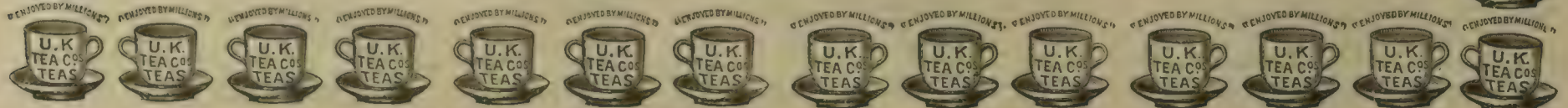
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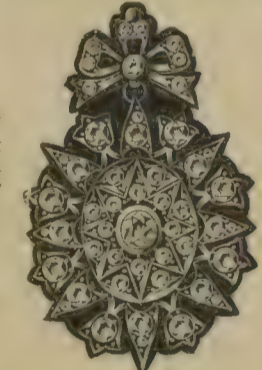


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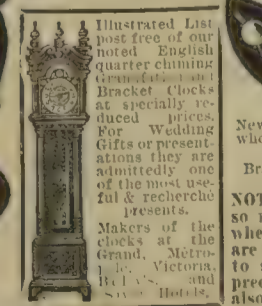
with Brilliants, £8 15s.



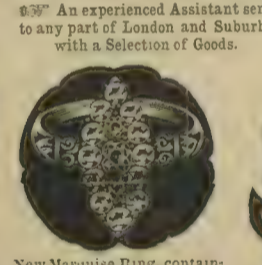
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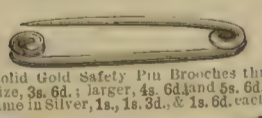
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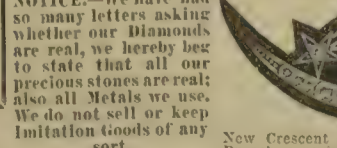


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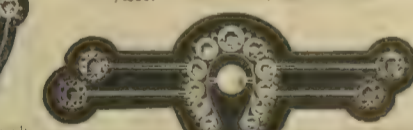


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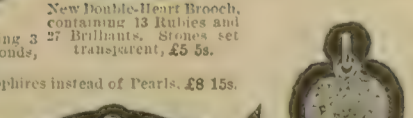
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the pretty verses of Miles Peter Andrews, the Epilogue proclaimed its author and the writer of the Prologue to be *par nobile fratrum, in rival dulness* both pre-eminent.

The reader of Lamb's prologue will find little of all this in it, but there is no reason for doubting the critic's account of what he heard at the theatre. It is not at all unlikely that it was this paragraph which suggested to Lamb the advisability of still further revising the "Rejected Address." In the prologue there is a good deal about the size of the theatre, as compared with "the Lyceum's petty sphere," and of how pleased Shakspeare would have been had he been able to hear—

When that dread curse of Lear's
Had burst tremendous on a thousand ears:

rather an anti-climax, by-the-way, for it means an audience of but five hundred, which would have been a beggarly account for the new Drury. There is nothing either about its "dome," or about the scenery, except commonplaces so flat that one doubts if it be quite fair to quote them—

The very use, since so essential grown,
Of painted scenes, was to his [Shakspeare's] stage unknown.

This is not an improvement on the "waves not yet quite dry," a Lamb-like touch which could not have been invented by the critic, and may go far to convince us of his veracity.

Above all, there is no trace of that splendidly audacious suggestion that Coleridge was the first "whose muse had soared" within the new dome—unless we find a blind one in the closing lines, supposing them to have been converted by the simple process of inversion. Instead of Coleridge being the first whose muse had soared in the new Drury, Drury was the first place in which his dramatic muse had soared—

Yet shall remembrance cherish the just pride,
That (be the laurel granted or denied)
He first essay'd in this distinguished fane
Severer muses and a tragic strain.

The *Times*, *Morning Post*, and *Examiner* had long and, on the whole, flattering notices of the play. The *Examiner's*, although not signed by Leigh Hunt's pen, was doubtless printed under his censorship, and, there being nothing good to say of the ancillary verses, nothing at all was said. The *Times* "hoped" the prologue was "by some d—d good-natured friend who had an interest in injuring the play: it was abominable. The Epilogue seemed to come from the same hand, and had precisely the same merits. It seemed to be composed for the express purpose of trying how many stupidities might be comprised in fifty lines." The *Morning Post* is silent as to the prologue, but informed its readers that "the Epilogue is lively, and makes several happy hits at some of the reigning follies of the day." This variety of opinion pleasingly illustrates the immense literary and historical value of public criticism, dramatic and other.

J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

The vestry of the great urban parish of Liverpool has resolved to commute, for the sum of £48,000, with the sanction of Parliament, the annual payments, amounting to nearly £1800 a year, due under former statutes from the two parish churches, St. Peter and St. Nicholas and St. Paul and St. John.

The Fruiterers' Company of London, according to ancient custom, on Oct. 12, presented ten bushels of apples to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. The baskets were brought by a procession of Farringdon Market porters, headed by the company's headle. This ceremony was followed by a dinner in the Egyptian Hall.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

What a curious world it is, to be sure! Here we have up in Scotland a bigoted and illiberal professor of Christianity pitching into the stage and condemning it as unclean on the evidence of one who, when a boy, forty years ago, did not appear to think much of it! And here we have Mr. John Hare, enlightened, enthusiastic, earnest, popping up on his own platform, as he calls it, and on the maligned stage pleading for tolerance and fair play! And here we have the managers of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, putting on the stage a play called "In Town," which however clever, does not allow the outside world to have a very good impression of life behind the scenes. I feel sure they are all right from their own point of view, and no argument will convince them they are wrong—the religious critic, who does not hesitate to condemn an institution of which he knows nothing; the managerial critic, who pluckily, and like an excellent Englishman, calls for fair play and asks for truth in judging an art he has so brilliantly adorned for years past, and to whose dignity he has conspicuously contributed by blameless life and noble effort; the careless critic, who risks principle for what pays, and for "the sake of a lark" plays innocently enough into the hands of the enemy. Well, from the æsthetic point of view, perhaps, the less said the better about the new departure in music-hallising the poor old stage. It is scarcely to be defended, except on the ground that the actors and actresses are very amusing, and have seldom been found so clever. I don't myself believe that such scenes go on in any London theatre as are represented to exist in the Ambiguity, but if those concerned in the trade don't mind libelling their own business it is their look-out, not mine. Nobody asked them to do it, but they have done it. I shall be told, "Why make such a fuss?—it is only an innocent bit of fun, and can't do any harm." I hope not, but still it cannot be denied that actors and actresses who do respect their calling kick up a tremendous amount of fuss when the Rev. Boanerges Bluster denounces them from the pulpit, and when a careless sub-editor alludes to some disgrace of a tenth-rate supernumerary as "another actress in trouble." Supposing our old friend Boanerges tells his congregation to-morrow that stage green-rooms are the rendezvous for the dissolute, and that drink is the great topic of conversation and the toast of the hour—well, what are you going to say? He will put in as direct evidence "In Town," and what line will the cross-examination take except the obvious one of "You're another"? Arthur Roberts and Florence St. John are seen absolutely at their best. The one never acted so well; the other never sang so well. In fact, there is no favourite who does not more than uphold a well-won and deserved reputation. Phyllis Broughton, Sylvia Grey, and all the rest of them give colour, grace, and importance to a book of extremely well-written trash. There is only one fault to be found, and that is the unfortunate subject; but, then, as ill-luck will have it, it is the subject which will draw the town.

Are they not making a little mistake at the music-halls, where they seemingly imply that there is such a hunger for plays at the smoking theatres that they will accept the kind of literature that the regular theatres would reject or the kind of acting that would not be voted first-class by any means? I think myself there is much more earnestness in the movement than that. Charles Morton was perfectly right when he started the first music-hall in Lambeth Marsh in the days when we all were boys, and, to show what he meant to do, offered sensation prices to Sims Reeves, Charles Santley, and

Parepa if they would only come down to the Canterbury and sing one song. He knew what the people wanted then, but the obstinate law hindered his efforts. He was right. The public wants the best at the least possible cost. They do not want unemployed dramatists or artists at the music-halls. Put up "The Waterman" with a first-class singer, and then see how it goes. But washed-out Pink-Eyed Susans won't do at all. I believe myself in Dibdin or Balfe or Wallace, but we must have good singers and actors also. I am confident that the majority of our managers are going the wrong way to work. Go into the provinces, and see what has been done there with the aid of good music. Go to Blackpool, go to Llandudno, go anywhere you like where the "demos" congregate, and see if they don't like the best. You see thousands assembled and you can hear a pin drop. Look what they have done down at the People's Palace at Mile-End! See them all flocking to hear an oratorio! Ask John Burns, M.P., what he intends to do at Battersea if he can only get hold of the rejected Albert Palace? Well, he does not intend to give the people he understands a very bad show for their money, I can tell you. A song well sung and a sketch well acted will go to the hearts of the people—and they have hearts, though it is considered sentimental and old-fashioned to say so. Half the drunkenness, half the despair, half the outrages around us are caused by this obstinacy in not seeing that the people are rightly amused. You won't give them light in their streets, you won't obviate the curse of your climate by any artificial means, you won't enlighten men and women's souls with music or art in any attractive form, and then you turn round and abuse these wretched, forsaken creatures because they drown their misery with drink! When parsons and preachers don't curse amusements we shall get on very much better. Away with all this fussy, grandmotherly legislation! If the public could hear Edward Lloyd or Charles Santley or Ben Davies to-morrow, they would not make so very much fuss about putting out their pipes or postponing the glass. Nay, I believe that the very atmosphere and sanctity of art would suggest those courtesies and charms of manner which are being forgotten where men and women assemble. At any rate, the experiment is worth trying. The brass band and the tambourine have been the safeguard of the Salvation Army. Why not try a little more good music, far more good pictures, a healthier class of amusement, and a little less preaching? Let Boanerges step down, and Handel, Spohr, Bach, Dibdin, Shakspeare, and Tennyson step up.

Mr. J. L. Toole has returned home, and "Walker" is going swimmingly. I note with pleasure a new and clever actress in the cast. This is Miss Lydia Rachel, who plays Walker's fiancée capitally.

A bequest of £10,000 to the city of Canterbury, for an institute for the education of working men, was made by the late Dr. Beaney, of Melbourne, Australia. Its legal validity was disputed, but has now been affirmed by a judgment of the Australian Court of Law.

The London Needlework Guild, of which Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, is president, held a meeting at the Mansion House on Friday, Oct. 14, the Lord Mayor in the chair. Her Royal Highness had written a paper which was read in her presence, showing that the guild comprises many groups in England, each of fifty-six workers, who produced last year 250,000 articles of good, useful clothing, given to the poor. 39,000 articles were distributed in London.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1881), with six codicils (dated Dec. 7, 1881; May 1, 1883; Feb. 26 and Aug. 7, 1885; May 26, 1889; and Nov. 21, 1891), of the Right Hon. Allen Alexander, Earl Bathurst, late of 20, Grosvenor Gardens, and Cirencester House, Cirencester, who died on Aug. 2, was proved on Oct. 8 by Rodolph Alexander Hankey, Richard Musgrave Harvey, and Seymour Henry, Earl Bathurst, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £242,000. The testator gives all the wines and consumable stores at his London residence, £7000, furniture and effects to be selected from 20, Grosvenor Gardens to the value of £1500, and an annuity of £1600 to his wife, Evelyn Elizabeth, Countess Bathurst; he also gives her, for life, his residence, St. Hilda, Sea View, Isle of Wight, with the furniture and effects, and an amount is to be paid to her for house rent, varying from £700 to £400, according to circumstances. These provisions in favour of his wife are to be in addition to her jointure. He bequeaths £500 upon trust for, and £200 per annum during the life of her mother to, his daughter, Evelyn Selina, who is otherwise amply provided for; £6000 to each of his sons, Lancelot Julian and Allen Benjamin, and he appoints to them the trust funds under his first marriage settlement; £300 to each of his executors Mr. Hankey and Mr. Harvey; and legacies to domestic servants, including stud-groom, coachman, and groom. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son who shall succeed to the title of Earl Bathurst.

The will (dated March 31, 1888) of Mr. James Buckingham Bevington, J.P., late of Merle Wood, Sevenoaks, Kent, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Oct. 6 by Samuel Bourne Bevington, the son, and Samuel William Scoble, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £116,000. The testator gives all his real and leasehold properties, all his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, wines, and consumable stores, and £30,000 to his son, Samuel Bourne; and legacies to relatives, trustees, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for accumulation until the children living at his death of his said son attain twenty-one, and then for all the children of his said son, in equal shares.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Fife, of the trust disposition and deed of settlement (executed May 6, 1884) of Mr. James Methven, earthenware

manufacturer, Kirkecaldy, who died on April 19, granted to Mrs. Mary Turner McDowell or Methven, the widow, and the accepting executrix nominate, so long as she remains unmarried, was revealed in London on Oct. 1, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £92,000.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1891) of Mr. William Wood, M.D., F.R.C.P., late of 99, Harley Street, and The Priory, Roehampton, who died on Aug. 26 at The Willoughbys, Blagdon, Somersetshire, was proved on Oct. 3 by Major David Edward Wood, the son, Sharon Grote Turner, and Lewis Karlake, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £67,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Tealby Wood; his plate and pictures to her, for life, and then to his seven children; his jewellery and ornaments to his children; such of his furniture and effects as will furnish a suitable house to his wife; £25 to his wife's niece, Alice Mary Edens Barclay; and legacies to children, sons-in-law, grandchildren, and brother for mourning. The Priory property, with the business of a private asylum carried on there (and he authorises his trustees to carry on the business), he leaves, upon trust, to pay £200 per annum to his brother, Edward Wood; £100 per annum to his said wife's niece, and the remainder of the income in equal parts to his wife and seven children. Power is given to his trustees to use The Willoughbys as an adjunct to The Priory business so long as they shall think desirable. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as to one seventh for each of his children.

The will (dated April 23, 1885), with a codicil (dated April 23, 1892), of Miss Maria Bulkeley Ede, late of 18, Brunswick Place, Brighton, who died on Aug. 4, was proved on Oct. 1 by George Batten and Ernest John Plantagenet Cassan, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1500 to her brother, Edward Lee Ede; £500, upon trust, for each of her nephews and niece, Edward Murray Charles Ede, Evelyn Constance Maria Ede, and Archibald George Ede; £100 to each of her executors; and her furniture and effects, except some articles specifically given to her said nephews and niece, to her said brother. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her said brother for life, and then for her said nephews and niece, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1891) of Mr. Henry Walter Bellew, C.S.I., Surgeon-General in her Majesty's Bengal Army (retired), late of The Chalet, Farnham Royal, Bucks, who died on July 26, was proved on Oct. 4 by Mrs. Isabella Jane Bellew, the widow, and Patrick Francis Bellew, the brother, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator leaves his freehold property, The Chalet, and £5000 to his son, Robert Walter Dillon; and £6000 each to his daughters, Alexa Ismay and Ina Claire. There are also some specific bequests to his said children; and two or three other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his wife, for whom he states he has already provided.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1883) of the Rev. John Marjoribanks Nisbet, late of 16, Bedford Square, who died on Sept. 1, at Beam, near Torrington, Devon, was proved on Sept. 30 by Mrs. Laura Elizabeth Nisbet, the widow, the executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator bequeaths £500, his leasehold residence, with the furniture and effects, and his horses and carriages, to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated July 13, 1886) of Dame Frances Colt (wife of Sir Thomas Archer Colt, Bart.), late of Maidencombe, Devon, who died on March 31, was proved on Oct. 6 by Miss Frances Alice Colt, the daughter, one of the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testatrix gives £50 to each of her sons, Edward Harry Dutton and Thomas Archer; and the residue of her property equally between her three daughters, Frances Alice, Maud, and Lucy Sophia.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1891), with a codicil (dated Feb. 4, 1892), of Mrs. Alice Hayes Beaumont, late of Faygate, Horsham, Sussex, who died on May 26, was proved on Sept. 29 by Henry Martyn Beaumont, the husband, and Frederic William Stoneham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5359. The testatrix bequeaths, after the death of her husband, £2000 to Guy's Hospital, Southwark, to support two beds to be associated with the names of her late father, James Christmas, and her late son, John Koenig; and she directs the portraits in oil of her said father and son to be given to and preserved by the said hospital.

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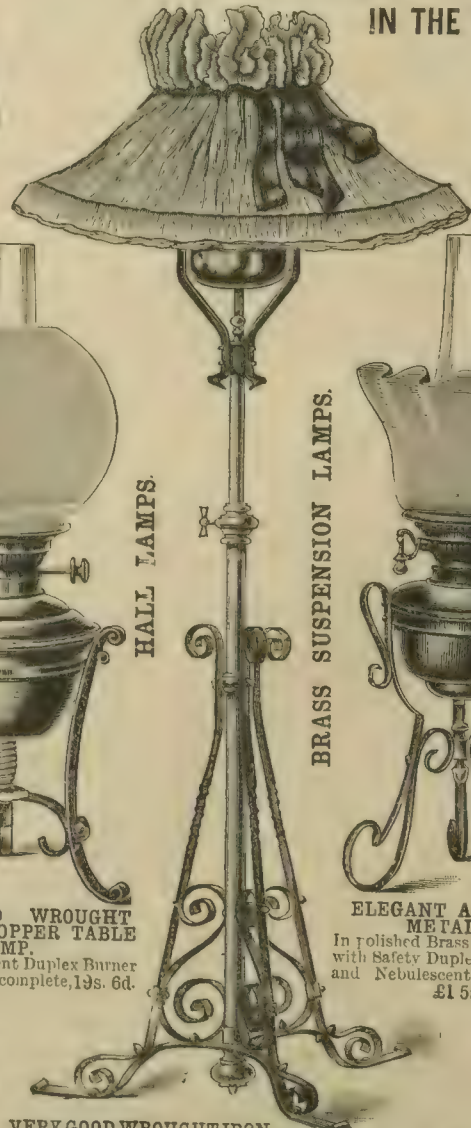
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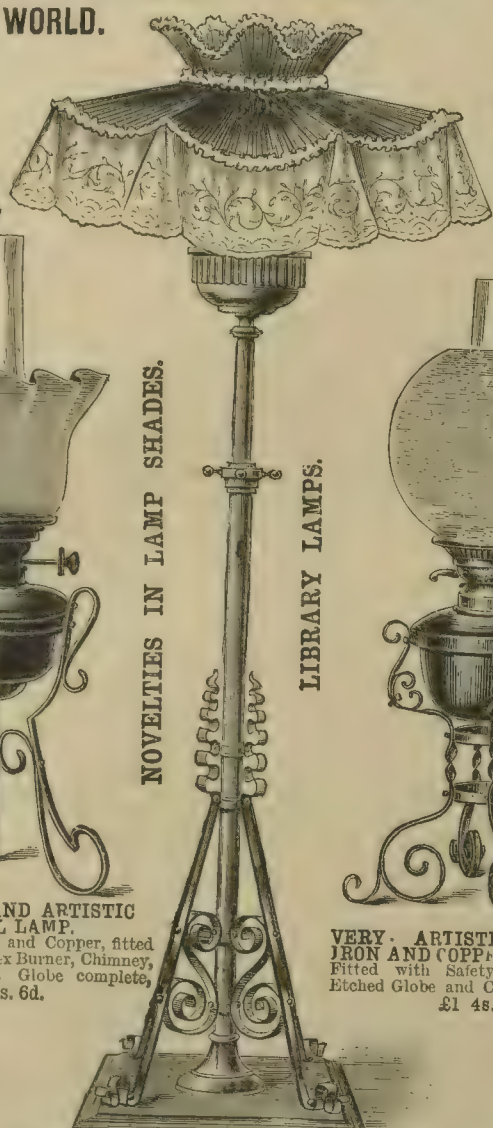


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Commander A. J. LOFTUS, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer.

E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs.

To J. C. Eno, Esq., London.

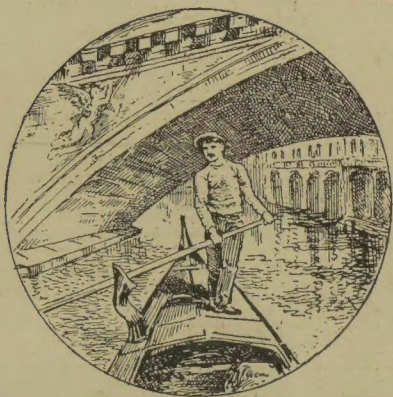
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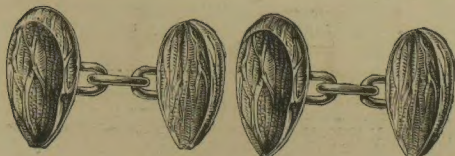
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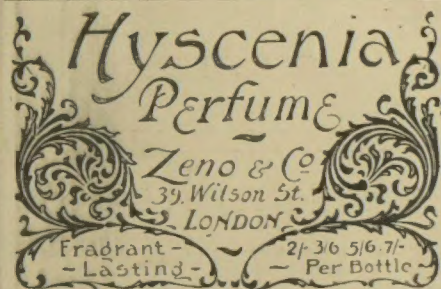
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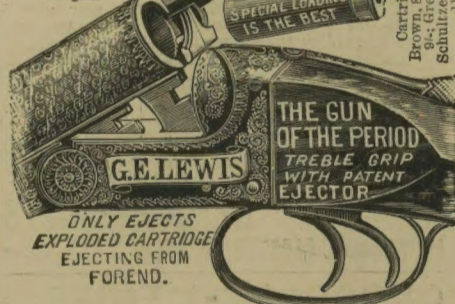
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